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*CANADIAN BORN.*¹

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CHAPTER IX.

ON the morning following his conversation with Anderson on the Laggan road, Delaine impatiently awaited the arrival of the morning mail from Laggan. When it came, he recognised Anderson's handwriting on one of the envelopes put into his hand. Elizabeth, having kept him company at breakfast, had gone up to sit with Philip. Nevertheless, he took the precaution of carrying the letter out of doors to read it.

It ran as follows :

'DEAR MR. DELAINE,—You were rightly informed, and the man you saw is my father. I was intentionally deceived ten years ago by a false report of his death. Into that, however, I need not enter. If you talked with him, as I understand you did, for half an hour, you will, I think, have gathered that his life has been unfortunately of little advantage either to himself or others. But that also is my personal affair—and his. And although in a moment of caprice, and for reasons not yet plain to me, he revealed himself to you, he appears still to wish to preserve the assumed name and identity that he set up shortly after leaving Manitoba, seventeen years ago. As far as I am concerned, I am inclined to indulge him. But you will, of course, take your own line, and will no doubt communicate it to me. I do not imagine that my private affairs or my father's can be of any interest to you, but perhaps I may say that he is at

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present for a few days in the doctor's hands, and that I propose as soon as his health is re-established to arrange for his return to the States where his home has been for so long. I am, of course, ready to make any arrangements for his benefit that seem wise, and that he will accept. I hope to come up to Lake Louise to-morrow, and shall bring with me one or two things that Lady Merton asked me to get for her. Next week I hope she may be able and inclined to take one or two of the usual excursions from the hotel, if Mr. Gaddesden goes on as well as we all expect. I could easily make the necessary arrangements for ponies, guides, &c.

'Yours faithfully,

'GEORGE ANDERSON.'

'Upon my word, a cool hand! a very cool hand!' muttered Delaine in some perplexity, as he thrust the letter into his pocket, and strolled on towards the lake. His mind went back to the strange nocturnal encounter which had led to the development of this most annoying relation between himself and Anderson. He recalled the repulsive old man, his uneducated speech, the signs about him of low cunning and drunken living, his rambling embittered charges against his son, who, according to him, had turned his father out of the Manitoba farm in consequence of a family quarrel, and had never cared since to find out whether he was alive or dead. 'Sorry to trouble you, sir, I'm sure—a genelman like you'—obsequious old ruffian!—'but my sons were always kittle-cattle, and George the worst of 'em all. If you would be so kind, sir, as to gie 'im a word o' preparation——'

Delaine could hear his own impatient reply: 'I have nothing whatever, sir, to do with your business! Approach Mr. Anderson yourself if you have any claim to make.' Whereupon a half-sly, half-threatening hint from the old fellow that he might be disagreeable unless well handled; that perhaps 'the lady' would listen to him and plead for him with his son.

Lady Merton! Good heavens! Delaine had been immediately ready to promise anything in order to protect her.

Yet even now the situation was extremely annoying and improper. Here was this man, Anderson, still coming up to the hotel, on the most friendly terms with Lady Merton and her brother, managing for them, laying them under obligations, and all the time, unknown to Elizabeth, with this drunken old scamp of a father in the background, who had already half-threatened to molest her,

and would be quite capable, if thwarted, of blackmailing his son through his English friends!

'What can I do?' he said to himself, in disgust. 'I have no right whatever to betray this man's private affairs; at the same time I should never forgive myself—Mrs. Gaddesden would never forgive me—if I were to allow Lady Merton to run any risk of some sordid scandal which might get into the papers. Of course this young man ought to take himself off! If he had any proper feeling whatever he would see how altogether unfitting it is that he, with his antecedents, should be associating in this very friendly way with such persons as Elizabeth Merton and her brother!'

Unfortunately the 'association' had included the rescue of Philip from the water of Lake Louise, and the provision of help to Elizabeth, in a strange country, which she could have ill done without. Philip's unlucky tumble had been, certainly, doubly unlucky, if it was to be the means of entangling his sister further in an intimacy which ought never to have been begun.

And yet how to break through this spider's web? Delaine racked his brain, and could think of nothing better than delay and a pusillanimous waiting on Providence. Who knew what mad view Elizabeth might take of the whole thing, in this overstrained sentimental mood which had possessed her throughout this Canadian journey? The young man's troubles might positively recommend him in her eyes!

No! there was nothing for it but to stay on as an old friend and watchdog, responsible, at least—if Elizabeth would have none of his counsels—to her mother and kinsfolk at home, who had so clearly approved his advances in the winter, and would certainly blame Elizabeth, on her return, for the fact that his long journey had been fruitless. He magnanimously resolved that Lady Merton should not be blamed if he could help it, by any one except himself. And he had no intention at all of playing the rejected lover. The proud, well-born, fastidious Englishman stiffened as he walked. It was wounding to his self-love to stay where he was; since it was quite plain that Elizabeth could do without him, and would not regret his departure; but it was no less wounding to be dismissed, as it were, by Anderson. He would not be dismissed; he would hold his own. He too would go with them to Vancouver; and not till they were safely in charge of the Lieutenant-Governor at Victoria, would he desert his post.

As to any further communication to Elizabeth, he realised

that the hints into which he had been so far betrayed had profited neither himself nor her. She had resented them, and it was most unlikely that she would ask him for any further explanations; and that being so he had better henceforward hold his peace. Unless of course any further annoyance were threatened.

The hotel cart going down to Laggan for supplies at midday brought Anderson his answer.

‘DEAR MR. ANDERSON,—Your letter gave me great concern. I deeply sympathise with your situation. As far as I am concerned, I must necessarily look at the matter entirely from the point of view of my fellow-travellers. Lady Merton must not be distressed or molested. So long, however, as this is secured, I shall not feel myself at liberty to reveal a private matter which has accidentally come to my knowledge. I understand, of course, that your father will not attempt any further communication with me, and I propose to treat the interview as though it had not happened.

‘I will give Lady Merton your message. It seems to me doubtful whether she will be ready for excursions next week. But you are no doubt aware that the hotel makes what are apparently very excellent and complete arrangements for such things. I am sure Lady Merton would be sorry to give you avoidable trouble. However, we shall see you to-morrow, and shall of course be very glad of your counsels.

‘Yours faithfully,

‘ARTHUR MANDEVILLE DELAINE.’

Anderson’s fair skin flushed scarlet as he read this letter. He thrust it into his pocket and continued to pace up and down in the patch of half-cleared ground at the back of the Ginnells’ house. He perfectly understood that Delaine’s letter was meant to warn him not to be too officious in Lady Merton’s service. ‘Don’t suppose yourself indispensable—and don’t at any time forget your undesirable antecedents, and compromising situation. On those conditions, I hold my tongue.’

‘Pompous ass!’ Anderson found it a hard task to keep his own pride in check. It was of a different variety from Delaine’s, but not a whit less clamorous. Yet for Lady Merton’s sake it was desirable, perhaps imperative, that he should keep on civil terms with this member of her party. A hot impulse swept through him to tell her everything, to have done with secrecy. But he stifled it.

What right had he to intrude his personal history upon her?—least of all this ugly and unsavoury development of it? Pride spoke again, and self-respect. If it humiliated him to feel himself in Delaine's power, he must bear it. The only other alternatives were either to cut himself off at once from his English friends—that, of course, was what Delaine wished—or to appeal to Lady Merton's sympathy and pity. Well, he would do neither—and Delaine might go hang!

Mrs. Ginnell, with her apron over her head to shield her from a blazing sun, appeared at the corner of the house.

'You're wanted, sir!' Her tone was sulky.

'Anything wrong?' Anderson turned apprehensively.

'Nothing more than 'is temper, sir. He won't let yer rest, do what you will for 'im.'

Anderson went into the house. His father was sitting up in bed. Mrs. Ginnell had been endeavouring during the past hour to make her patient clean and comfortable, and to tidy his room; but had been at last obliged to desist owing to the mixture of ill-humour and bad language with which he assailed her.

'Can I do anything for you?' Anderson enquired, standing beside him.

'Get me out of this blasted hole as soon as possible! *That's about all you can do!* I've told that woman to get me my things, and help me into the other room—but she's in your pay, I suppose. She won't do anything I tell her, *drat her!*'

'The doctor left orders you were to keep quiet to-day.'

McEwen vowed he would do nothing of the kind. *He had no time to be lolling in bed like a fine lady.* He had business to do, and must get home.

'If you get up, with this fever on you, and the leg in that state, you will have blood-poisoning,' said Anderson quietly, 'which will either kill you or detain you here for weeks. You say you want to talk business with me. Well, here I am. In an hour's time I must go to Calgary for an appointment. Suppose you take this opportunity.'

McEwen stared at his son. His blue eyes, frowning in their wrinkled sockets, gave little or no index, however, to the mind behind them. The straggling white locks falling round his blotched and feverish face caught Anderson's attention. Looking back thirty years he could remember his father vividly—a handsome man, solidly built, with a shock of fair hair. As a little lad he had been proud to sit high-perched beside him on the waggon which in

summer drove them, every other Sunday, to a meeting-house fifteen miles away. He could see his mother at the back of the waggon with the little girls, her grey alpaca dress and cotton gloves, her patient look. His throat swelled. Nor was the pang of intolerable pity for his mother only. Deep in the melancholy of his nature and strengthened by that hateful tie of blood from which he could not escape, was a bitter, silent compassion for this outcast also. All the machinery of life set in motion and maintaining itself in the clash of circumstance for seventy years to produce *this*, at the end! Dismal questionings ran through his mind. Ought he to have acted as he had done seventeen years before? How would his mother have judged him? Was he not in some small degree responsible?

Meanwhile his father began to talk fast and querulously, with plentiful oaths from time to time, and using a local miner's slang which was not always intelligible to Anderson. It seemed it was a question of an old silver mine on a mountain-side in Idaho, deserted some ten years before when the river gravels had been exhausted, and now to be reopened, like many others in the same neighbourhood, with improved methods and machinery, tunnelling instead of washing. Silver enough to pave Montreal! Ten thousand dollars for plant, five thousand for the claim, and the thing was done.

He became incoherently eloquent, spoke of the ease and rapidity with which the thing could be resold to a syndicate at an enormous profit, should his 'pardners' and he not care to develop it themselves. If George would find the money—why, George should make his fortune, like the rest, though he had behaved so scurvily all these years.

Anderson watched the speaker intently. Presently he began to put questions—close, technical questions. His father's eyes—till then eager and greedy—began to flicker. Anderson perceived an unwelcome surprise—annoyance—bewilderment.

'You knew, of course, that I was a mining engineer?' he said at last, pulling up in his examination.

'Well, I heard of you that onst at Dawson City,' was the slow reply. 'I supposed you were nosin' round like the rest.'

'Why, I didn't go as a mere prospector! I'd had my training at Montreal.' And Anderson resumed his questions.

But McEwen presently took no pains to answer them. He grew indeed less and less communicative. The exact locality of the mine, the names of the partners, the precise machinery required,—

Anderson, in the end, could get at neither the one nor the other. And before many more minutes had passed he had convinced himself that he was wasting his time. That there was some swindling plot in his father's mind he was certain; he was probably the tool of some shrewder confederates, who had no doubt sent him to Montreal after his legacy, and would fleece him on his return.

'By the way, Aunt Sykes' money, how much was it?' Anderson asked him suddenly. 'I suppose you could draw on that?'

McEwen could not be got to give a plain answer. It wasn't near enough, anyhow; not near. The evasion seemed to Anderson purposeless; the mere shifting and doubling that comes of long years of dishonest living. And again the question stabbed his consciousness—were his children justified in casting him so inexorably adrift?

'Well, I'd better run down and have a look,' he said at last. 'If it's a good thing I dare say I can find you the dollars.'

'Run down—where?' asked McEwen sharply.

'To the mine, of course. I might spare the time next week.'

'No need to trouble yourself. My pardners wouldn't thank me for betraying their secrets.'

'Well, you couldn't expect me to provide the money without knowing a bit more about the property, could you?—without a regular survey?' said Anderson, with a laugh.

'You trust me with three or four thousand dollars,' said McEwen doggedly—'because I'm your father, and I give you my word. And if not, you can let it alone. I don't want any prying into my affairs.'

Anderson was silent a moment.

Then he raised his eyes.

'Are you sure it's all square?' The tone had sharpened.

'Square? Of course it is. What are you aiming at? You'll believe any villainy of your old father, I suppose, just the same as you always used to. I've not had your opportunities, George. I'm not a fine gentleman—on the trail with a parcel of English swells. I'm a poor old broken-down miner, who wants to hole-up somewhere, and get comfortable for his old age; and if you had a heart in your body, you'd lend a helping hand. When I saw you at Winnipeg—the tone became a trifle plaintive and slippery—'I ses to myself, George used to be a nice chap, with a good heart. If there's anyone ought to help me it's my own son.'

And so I boarded that train. But I'm a broken man, George, and you've used me hard.'

'Better not talk like that,' interrupted Anderson in a clear, resolute voice. 'It won't do any good. Look here, father! Suppose you give up this kind of life, and settle down. I'm ready to give you an allowance, and look after you. Your health is bad. To speak the truth, this mine business sounds to me pretty shady. Cut it all! I'll put you with decent people, who'll look after you.'

The eyes of the two men met; Anderson's insistently bright, McEwen's wavering and frowning. The June sunshine came into the small room through a striped and battered blind, illuminating the rough planks of which it was built, the 'cuts' from illustrated papers that were pinned upon them, the scanty furniture, and the untidy bed. Anderson's head and shoulders were in a full mellowed light; he held himself with an unconscious energy, answering to a certain force of feeling within; a proud strength and sincerity expressed itself through every detail of attitude and gesture; yet perhaps the delicacy, or rather sensibility, mingling with the pride, would have been no less evident to a seeing eye. There was Highland blood in him, and a touch therefore of the Celtic responsiveness, the Celtic magnetism. The old man opposite to him in shadow, with his back to the light, had a crouching dangerous look. It was as though he recognised something in his son for ever lost to himself; and repulsed it, half enviously, half malignantly.

But he did not apparently resent Anderson's proposal. He said sulkily 'Oh, I dessay you'd like to put me away. But I'm not doddering yet.'

All the same he listened in silence to the plan that Anderson developed, puffing the while at the pipe which he had made Mrs. Ginnell give him.

'I shan't stay on this side,' he said, at last, decidedly. 'There's a thing or two that might turn up agin me—and fellows as 'ud do me a bad turn if they come across me—dudes, as I used to know in Dawson City. I shan't stay in Canada. You can make up your mind to that. Besides, the winter 'ud kill me!'

Anderson accordingly proposed San Francisco, or Los Angeles. Would his father go for a time to a Salvation Army colony near Los Angeles? Anderson knew the chief officials—capital men, with no cant about them. Fruit farming—a beautiful climate—care in sickness—no drink—as much work or as little as he liked—and all expenses paid.

McEwen laughed out—a short sharp laugh—at the mention of the Salvation Army. But he listened patiently, and at the end even professed to think there might be something in it. As to his own scheme, he dropped all mention of it. Yet Anderson was under no illusion; there it lay sparkling, as it were, at the back of his sly wolfish eyes.

‘How in blazes could you take me down?’ muttered McEwen—‘Thought you was took up with these English swells.’

‘I’m not taken up with anything that would prevent my looking after you,’ said Anderson rising. ‘You let Mrs. Ginnell attend to you,—get the leg well—and we’ll see.’

McEwen eyed him—his good looks and his dress, his gentleman’s refinement; and the shaggy white brows of the old miner drew closer together.

‘What did you cast me off like that for, George?’ he asked.

Anderson turned away.

‘Don’t rake up the past. Better not.’

‘Where are my other sons, George?’

‘In Montreal, doing well.’ Anderson gave the details of their appointments and salaries.

‘And never a thought of their old father, I’ll be bound!’ said McEwen, at the end, with slow vindictiveness.

‘You forget that it was your own doing; we believed you dead.’

‘Aye!—you hadn’t left a man much to come home for!—and all for an accident!—a thing as might ha’ happened to any man.’

The speaker’s voice had grown louder. He stared sombrely, defiantly at his companion.

Anderson stood with his hands on his sides, looking through the further window. Then slowly he put his hand into his pocket and withdrew from it a large pocket-book. Out of the pocket-book he took a delicately made leather case, holding it in his hand a moment, and glancing uncertainly at the figure in the bed.

‘What ha’ you got there?’ growled McEwen.

Anderson crossed the room. His own face had lost its colour. As he reached his father, he touched a spring, and held out his hand with the case lying open within it.

It contained a miniature,—of a young woman in the midst of a group of children.

‘Do you remember that photograph that was done of them—in a tent,—when you took us all into Winnipeg for the first agricultural show?’ he said hoarsely. ‘I had a copy—that wasn’t burnt.’

At Montreal, there was a French artist one year, that did these things. I got him to do this.'

McEwen stared at the miniature—the sweet-faced Scotch woman, the bunch of children. Then with a brusque movement he turned his face to the wall, and closed his eyes.

Anderson's lips opened once or twice as though to speak. Some imperious emotion seemed to be trying to force its way. But he could not find words; and at last he returned the miniature to his pocket, walked quietly to the door, and went out of the room.

The sound of the closing door brought immense relief to McEwen. He turned again in bed, and relit his pipe, shaking off the impression left by the miniature as quickly as possible. What business had George to upset him like that? He was down enough on his luck as it was.

He smoked away, gloomily thinking over the conversation. It didn't look like getting any money out of this close-fisted Puritanical son of his. Survey indeed! McEwen found himself shaken by a kind of internal convulsion as he thought of the revelations that would come out. George was a fool.

In his feverish reverie, many lines of thought crossed and danced in his brain; and every now and then he was tormented by the craving for alcohol. The Salvation Army proposal half amused, half infuriated him. He knew all about their colonies. Trust him! Your own master for seventeen years,—mixed up in a lot of jobs it wouldn't do to go blabbing to the Mounted Police—and then to finish up with those hymn-singing fellows!—George was most certainly a fool! Yet dollars ought to be screwed out of him—somehow.

Presently, to get rid of some unpleasant reflections, the old man stretched out his hand for a copy of the 'Vancouver Sentinel' that was lying on the bed, and began to read it idly. As he did so, a paragraph drew his attention. He gripped the paper, and, springing up in bed, read it twice, peering into it, his features quivering with eagerness. The passage described the 'hold up' of a Union Pacific train, at a point between Seattle and the Canadian border. By the help of masks, and a few sticks of dynamite, the thing had been very smartly done—a whole train terrorised, the mail van broken open and a large 'swag' captured. Billy Symonds, the notorious train robber from Montana, was suspected, and there was a hue and cry through the whole border after him and his

accomplices, amongst whom, so it was said, was a band from the Canadian side,—foreign miners mixed up in some of the acts of violence which had marked the strike of the year before.

Bill Symonds!—McEwen threw himself excitedly from side to side, unable to keep still. *He* knew Symonds—a chap and a half! Why didn't he come and try it on this side of the line? Heaps of money going backwards and forwards over the C.P.R.! All these thousands of dollars paid out in wages week by week to these construction camps—must come from somewhere in cash—Winnipeg or Montreal. He began to play with the notion, elaborating and refining it; till presently a whole epic of attack and capture was rushing through his half crazy brain.

He had dropped the paper, and was staring abstractedly through the foot of open window close beside him, which the torn blind did not cover. Outside, through the clearing with its stumps of jack-pine, ran a path, a short cut, connecting the station at Laggan with a section-house further up the line.

As McEwen's eyes followed it, he began to be aware of a group of men emerging from the trees on the Laggan side, and walking in single file along the path. Navvies apparently—carrying bundles and picks. The path came within a few yards of the window, and of the little stream that supplied the house with water.

Suddenly, McEwen sprang up in bed. The two foremost men paused beside the water, mopped their hot faces, and taking drinking cups out of their pockets stooped down to the stream. The old man in the cabin bed watched them with a fierce intentness; and as they straightened themselves and were about to follow their companions who were already out of sight, he gave a low call.

The two started and looked round them. Their hands went to their pockets. McEwen swung himself round so as to reach the window better, and repeated his call—this time with a different inflection. The men exchanged a few hurried words. Carefully scrutinising the house, they noticed a newspaper waving cautiously in an open window. One of them came forward, the other remained by the stream bathing his feet and ankles in the water.

No one else was in sight. Mrs. Ginnell was cooking on the other side of the house. Anderson had gone off to catch his train. For twenty minutes, the man outside leant against the window-sash apparently lounging and smoking. Nothing could be seen from

the path, but a battered blind flapping in the June breeze, and a dark space of room beyond.

CHAPTER X.

THE days passed on. Philip in the comfortable hotel at Lake Louise was recovering steadily, though not rapidly, from the general shock of his immersion. Elizabeth, while nursing him tenderly, could yet find time to walk and climb, plunging spirit and sense in the beauty of the Rockies.

On these excursions Delaine generally accompanied her : and she bore it well. Secretly she cherished some astonishment and chagrin that Anderson could apparently be with them so little on these bright afternoons among the forest trails and upper lakes, although she generally found that the plans of the day had been suggested and organised by him, by telephone from Laggan, to the kind and competent Scotch lady who was the manager of the hotel. It seemed to her that he had promised his company ; whereas, as a rule, now he withheld it ; and her pride was put to it, on her own part, not to betray any sign of discontent. He spoke vaguely of 'business,' and on one occasion, apparently, had gone off for three days to Saskatchewan on matters connected with the coming general election.

From the newspaper, or the talk of visitors in the hotel, or the C.P.R. officials who occasionally found their way to Lake Louise to make courteous inquiries after the English party, Elizabeth became, indeed, more and more fully aware of the estimation in which Anderson was beginning to be held. He was already a personage in the North-West ; was said to be sure of success in his contest at Donaldminster, and of an immediate Parliamentary career at Ottawa. These prophecies seemed to depend more upon the man's character than his actual achievements ; though, indeed, the story of the great strike, as she had gathered it once or twice from the lips of eye-witnesses, was a fine one. For weeks he had carried his life in his hand among thousands of infuriated navvies and miners—since the miners had made common cause with the railwaymen—with a cheerfulness, daring, and resource which in the end had wrung success from an apparently hopeless situation ; a success attended, when all was over, by an amazing effusion of good-will among both masters and men, especially towards Anderson himself, and a general improve-

ment in the industrial temper and atmosphere of the North-West.

The recital of these things stirred Elizabeth's pulses. But why did she never hear them from himself? Surely he had offered her friendship, and the rights of friendship. How else could he justify the scene at Field, when he had so brusquely probed her secret anxieties for Philip? Her pride rebelled when she thought of it, when she recalled her wet eyes, her outstretched hand. Mere humiliation!—in the case of a casual or indifferent acquaintance. No; on that day, certainly, he had claimed the utmost privileges, had even strained the rights, of a friend, a real friend. But his behaviour since had almost revived her first natural resentment.

Thoughts like these ran in her mind, and occasionally affected her manner when they did meet. Anderson found her more reserved, and noticed that she did not so often ask him for small services as of old. He suffered under the change; but it was, he knew, his own doing, and he did not alter his course.

Whenever he did come, he sat mostly with Philip, over whom he had gradually established a remarkable influence, not by any definite acts or speeches, but rather by the stoicism of his own mode of life, coupled with a proud or laughing contempt for certain vices and self-indulgences to which it was evident that he himself felt no temptation. As soon as Philip felt himself sufficiently at home with the Canadian to begin to jibe at his teetotalism, Anderson seldom took the trouble to defend himself; yet the passion of moral independence in his nature, of loathing for any habit that weakens and enslaves the will, infected the English lad whether he would or no. 'There's lots of things he's stick-stock mad on,' Philip would say impatiently to his sister. But the madness told. And the madman was all the while consolingly rich in other, and, to Philip, more attractive kinds of madness—the follies of the hunter and climber, of the man who holds his neck as dross in comparison with the satisfaction of certain wild instincts that the Rockies excite in him. Anderson had enjoyed his full share of adventures with goat and bear. Such things are the customary amusements, it seemed, of a young engineer in the Rockies. Beside them, English covert-shooting is a sport for babes; and Philip ceased to boast of his own prowess in that direction. He would listen, indeed, open-mouthed, to Anderson's yarns, lying on his long chair on the verandah—a graceful languid figure—with a coyote rug heaped about him. It

was clear to Elizabeth that Anderson on his side had become very fond of the boy. There was no trouble he would not take for him. And gradually, silently, proudly, she allowed him to take less and less for herself.

Once or twice Arthur Delaine's clumsy hints occurred to her. Was there, indeed, some private matter weighing on the young man's mind? She would not allow herself to speculate upon it; though she could not help watching the relation between the two men with some curiosity. It was polite enough; but there was certainly no cordiality in it; and once or twice she suspected a hidden understanding.

Delaine meanwhile felt a kind of dull satisfaction in the turn of events. The intimacy between Anderson and Lady Merton had certainly been checked, or was at least not advancing. Whether it was due to his own hints to Elizabeth, or to Anderson's chivalrous feeling, he did not know. But he wrote every mail to Mrs. Gaddesden discreetly, yet not without giving her some significant information; he did whatever small services were possible in the case of a man who went about Canada as a Johnny Head-in-air, with his mind in another hemisphere; and it was understood that he was to leave them at Vancouver. In the forced association of their walks, and rides, Elizabeth showed herself gay, kind, companionable; although often, and generally for no reason that he could discover, something sharp and icy in her would momentarily make itself felt, and he would find himself driven back within bounds that he had perhaps been tempted to transgress. And the result of it all was that he fell day by day more tormentingly in love with her. Those placid matrimonial ambitions with which he had left England had been all swept away; and as he followed her—she on pony-back, he on foot—along the mountain trails, watching the lightness of her small figure against the splendid background of peak and pine, he became a troubled, introspective person; concentrating upon himself and his disagreeable plight the attention he had hitherto given to a delightful outer world, sown with the *caches* of antiquity, in order to amuse him.

Meanwhile the situation in the cabin at Laggan appeared to be steadily improving. McEwen had abruptly ceased to be a rebellious and difficult patient. The doctor's orders had been obeyed; the leg had healed rapidly; and he no longer threatened or cajoled Mrs. Ginnell on the subject of liquor. As far as Anderson was concerned, he was generally sulky and uncommunicative. But

Anderson got enough out of him by degrees to be able to form a fairly complete idea of his father's course of life since the false report of his death in the Yukon. He realised an existence on the fringe of civilisation, with its strokes of luck neutralised by drink, and its desperate, and probably criminal, moments. And as soon as his father got well enough to limp along the trails of the Laggan valley, the son noticed incidents which appeared to show that the old man, while playing the part of the helpless stranger, was by no means without acquaintance among the motley host of workmen that were constantly passing through. The links of international trade unionism no doubt accounted for it. But in McEwen's case, the fraternity to which he belonged seemed to apply only to the looser and more disreputable elements among the emigrant throng.

But at the same time he had shown surprising docility in the matter of Anderson's counsels. All talk of the Idaho mine had dropped between them, as though by common consent. Anderson had laid hands upon a young man, a Salvation Army officer in Vancouver, with whom his father consented to lodge for the next six weeks; and further arrangements were to be postponed till the end of that period. Anderson hoped, indeed, to get his father settled there before Lady Merton moved from Lake Louise. For in a few days now, the private car was to return from the coast, in order to take up the English party.

McEwen's unexpected complaisance led to a great softening in Anderson's feeling towards his father. All those inner compunctions that haunt a just and scrupulous nature came freely into play. And his evangelical religion—for he was a devout though liberal-minded Presbyterian—also entered in. Was it possible that he might be the agent of his father's redemption? The idea, the hope, produced in him occasional hidden exaltations—flights of prayer—mystical memories of his mother—which lightened what was otherwise a time of bitter renunciation, and determined wrestling with himself.

During the latter days of this fortnight, indeed, he could not do enough for his father. He had made all the Vancouver arrangements; he had supplied him amply with clothes and other personal necessities; and he came home early at nights in order to sit and smoke with him. Mrs. Ginnell, looking in of an evening, beheld what seemed to her a touching sight, though one far beyond the deserts of such creatures as McEwen—the son reading the

newspaper aloud, or playing dominoes with his father, or just smoking and chatting. Her hard common sense as a working-woman suggested to her that Anderson was nursing illusions; and she scornfully though silently hoped that the 'old rip' would soon, one way or another, be off his shoulders.

But the illusions, for the moment, were Anderson's sustenance. His imagination, denied a more personal and passionate food, gave itself with fire to the redeeming of an outlaw, and the paying of a spiritual debt.

It was a Wednesday. After a couple of drizzling days the weather was again fair. The trains rolling through the pass began with these early days of July to bring a first crop of holiday-makers from Eastern Canada and the States; the hotels were filling up. On the morrow McEwen was to start for Vancouver. And a letter from Philip Gaddesden, delivered at Laggan in the morning, had bitterly reproached Anderson for neglecting them, and leaving him, in particular, to be bored to death by glaciers and tourists.

Early in the afternoon Anderson took his way up the mountain road to Lake Louise. He found the English travellers established among the pines by the lake side, Philip half asleep in a hammock strung between two pines, while Delaine was reading to Elizabeth from an article in an archaeological review on 'Some Fresh Light on the Cippus of Palestrina.'

Lady Merton was embroidering; it seemed to Anderson that she was tired or depressed. Delaine's booming voice, and the frequent Latin passages interspersed with stammering translations of his own, in which he appeared to be interminably tangled, would be enough—the Canadian thought—to account for a subdued demeanour; and there was, moreover, a sudden thunderous heat in the afternoon.

Elizabeth received him a little stiffly, and Philip roused himself from sleep only to complain 'You've been four mortal days without coming near us!'

'I had to go away. I have been to Regina.'

'On politics?' asked Delaine.

'Yes. We had a couple of meetings and a row.'

'Jolly for you!' grumbled Philip. 'But we've had a beastly time. Ask Elizabeth.'

'Nothing but the weather!' said Elizabeth carelessly. 'We couldn't even see the mountains.'

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But why, as she spoke, should the delicate cheek change colour, suddenly and brightly? The answering blood leapt in Anderson. She *had* missed him, though she would not show it.

Delaine began to question him about Saskatchewan. The Englishman's forms of conversation were apt to be tediously inquisitive, and Anderson had often resented them. To-day, however, he let himself be catechised patiently enough, while all the time conscious, from head to foot, of one person only—one near and yet distant person.

Elizabeth wore a dress of white linen, and a broad hat of soft blue. The combination of the white and blue with her brown hair, and the pale refinement of her face, seemed to him ravishing, enchanting. So were the movements of her hands at work, and all the devices of her light self-command; more attractive, infinitely, to his mature sense than the involuntary tremor of girlhood.

'Hallo! What does Stewart want?' said Philip, raising himself in his hammock. The hunter who had been the companion of his first unlucky attempt at fishing was coming towards them. The boy sprang to the ground, and, vowing that he would fish the following morning, whatever Elizabeth might say, went off to consult.

She looked after him with a smile and a sigh.

'Better give him his head!' laughed Anderson. Then, from where he stood, he studied her a moment, unseen, except by Delaine, who was sitting among the moss a few yards away, and had temporarily forgotten the cippus of Palestrina.

Suddenly the Canadian came forward.

'Have you explored that path yet, over the shoulder?' he said to Lady Merton, pointing to the fine promontory of purple piny rock which jutted out in front of the glacier on the southern side of the lake.

She shook her head; but was it not still too early and too hot to walk? Anderson persisted. The path was in shade, and would repay climbing. She hesitated—and yielded; making a show of asking Delaine to come with them. Delaine also hesitated, and refrained; making a show of preferring the 'Archæological Review.' He was left to watch them mount the first stretches of the trail; while Philip strolled along the lake with his companion in the slouch hat and leggings, deep in tales of bass and trout.

Elizabeth and Anderson climbed a long sloping ascent through the pines. The air was warm and scented; the heat of the sun on the moistened earth was releasing all its virtues and fragrances, overpowering in the open places, and stealing even through the shadows. When the trees broke or receded, the full splendour of the glacier was upon them to their left; and then for a space they must divine it as a presence behind the actual, faintly gleaming and flashing through the serried ranks of the forest. There were heaths and mosses under the pines; but otherwise for a while the path was flowerless; and Elizabeth discontentedly remarked it. Anderson smiled.

‘Wait a little!—or you’ll have to apologise to the Rockies.’

He looked down upon her, and saw that her small face had bloomed into a vivacity and charm that startled him. Was it only the physical effort and pleasure of the climb? As for himself, it took all the power of a strong will to check the happy tumult in his heart.

Elizabeth asked him of his Saskatchewan journey. He described to her the growing town he hoped to represent—the rush of its new life.

‘On one Sunday morning there was nothing—the bare prairie; by the next!—so to speak!—there was a town all complete, with a hotel, an elevator, a bank, and a church. That was ten years ago. Then the railway came; I saw the first train come in, garlanded and wreathed with flowers. Now there are eight thousand people. They have reserved land for a park along the river, and sent for a landscape gardener from England to lay it out; they have made trees grow on the prairie; they have built a high school and a concert hall; the municipality is full of ambitions; and all round the town, settlers are pouring in. On market day you find yourself in a crowd of men, talking cattle and crops, the last thing in binders and threshers, as farmers do all over the world. But yet you couldn’t match that crowd in the old world.’

‘Which you don’t know,’ put in Elizabeth, with her sly smile.

‘Which I don’t know,’ repeated Anderson meekly. ‘But I guess. And I am thinking of sayings of yours. Where in Europe can you match the sense of *boundlessness* we have here—boundless space, boundless opportunity? It often makes fools of us: it intoxicates, turns our heads. There is a germ of madness in this

North-West. I have seen men destroyed by it. But it is Nature who is the witch. She brews the cup.'

'All very well for the men,' Elizabeth said, musing—'and the strong men. About the women in this country I can't make up my mind.'

'You think of the drudgery, the domestic hardships?'

'There are some ladies in the hotel, from British Columbia. They are in easy circumstances—and the daughter is dying of overwork! The husband has a large fruit farm, but they can get no service; the fruit rots on the ground; and the two women are worn to death.'

'Aye,' said Anderson gravely. 'This country breeds life, but it also devours it.'

'I asked these two women—Englishwomen—if they wanted to go home, and give it up. They fell upon me with scorn.'

'And you?'

Elizabeth sighed.

'I admired them. But could I imitate them? I thought of the house at home; of the old servants; how it runs on wheels; how pretty and—and dignified it all is: everybody at their post; no drudgery, no disorder.'

'It is a dignity that costs you dear,' said Anderson almost roughly, and with a change of countenance. 'You sacrifice to it things a thousand times more real, more human.'

'Do we?' said Elizabeth; and then, with a drop in her voice: 'Dear, dear England!' She had paused to take breath, and as she leant resting against a tree he saw her expression change, as though a struggle passed through her.

The trees had opened behind them, and they looked back over the lake, the hotel, and the wide Laggan valley beyond. In all that valley not a sign of human life but the line of the railway. Not a house, not a village to be seen; and at this distance the forest appeared continuous, till it died against the rock and snow of the higher peaks.

For the first time, Elizabeth was home-sick; for the first time, she shrank from a raw, untamed land where the House of Life is only now rearing its walls and its roof-timbers, and all its warm furnishings, its ornaments and hangings are still to add. She thought of the English landscapes, of the woods and uplands round her Cumberland home; of the old church, the embowered cottages, the lichened farms; the generations of lives that have died into

the soil, like the summer leaves of the trees ; of the ghosts to be felt in the air—ghosts of squire and labourer and farmer, alive still in the men and women of the present, as they too will live in the unborn. Her heart went out to England ; fled back to it over the seas, as though renewing, in penitence, an allegiance that had wavered. And Anderson divined it, in the yearning of her just-parted lips, in the quivering, restrained sweetness of her look.

His own heart sank. They resumed their walk, and presently the path grew steeper. Some of it was rough hewn in the rock, and encumbered by roots of trees. Anderson held out a helping hand ; her fingers slipped willingly into it ; her light weight hung upon him, and every step was to him a mingled delight and bitterness.

‘Hard work!’ he said presently, with his encouraging smile ; ‘but you’ll be paid.’

The pines grew closer, and then suddenly lightened. A few more steps, and Elizabeth gave a cry of pleasure. They were on the edge of an alpine meadow, encircled by dense forest, and sloping down beneath their feet to a lake that lay half in black shadow, half blazing in the afternoon sun. Beyond was a tossed wilderness of peaks to west and south. Light masses of cumulus cloud were rushing over the sky, and driving waves of blue and purple colour across the mountain masses and the forest slopes. Golden was the sinking light and the sunlit half of the lake ; golden the western faces and edges of the mountain world ; while beyond the valley, where ran the white smoke of a train, there hung in the northern sky a dream-world of undiscovered snows, range, it seemed, beyond range, remote, ethereal ; a Valhalla of the old gods of this vast land, where one might guess them still throned at bay, majestic, inviolate.

But it was the flowers that held Elizabeth mute. Anderson had brought her to a wild garden of incredible beauty. Scarlet and blue, purple and pearl and opal, rose-pink and lavender-grey—the flower-field ran about her, as though Persephone herself had just risen from the shadow of this nameless northern lake, and the new earth had broken into eager flame at her feet. Painters’ brush, harebell, speedwell, golden-brown gaillardias, silvery hawkweed, columbines yellow and blue, heaths, and lush grasses,—Elizabeth sank down among them in speechless joy. Anderson gathered handfuls of columbine and vetch, of harebell and heath, and filled her lap with them, till she gently stopped him.

'No! Let me only look!'

And with her hands round her knees she sat motionless and still. Anderson threw himself down beside her. Fragrance, colour, warmth; the stir of an endless self-sufficient life; the fruitfulness and bounty of the earth: these things wove their ancient spells about them. Every little rush of the breeze seemed an invitation and a caress.

Presently she thanked him for having brought her there, and said something of remembering it in England.

'As one who will never see it again?' He turned and faced her, smiling. But behind his frank, pleasant look there was something from which she shrank.

'I shall hardly see it, again,' she said, hesitating. 'Perhaps that makes it the more—the more touching. One clings to it the more—the impression!—because it is so fugitive—will be so soon gone.'

He was silent a moment, then said abruptly—

'And the upshot of it all is, that you could not imagine living in Canada?'

She started.

'I never said so. Of course I could imagine living in Canada!'

'But you think, for women, the life up here—in the North-West—is too hard?'

She looked at him timidly.

'That's because I look at it from my English point of view. I am afraid English life makes weaklings of us.'

'No!—not of you!' he said, almost scornfully 'Any life that seemed to you worth while would find you strong enough for it. I am sure of that.'

Elizabeth smiled and shrugged her shoulders. He went on—almost as though pleading with her.

'And as to our Western life—which you will soon have left so far behind—it strains and tests the women—true!—but it rewards them. They have a great place among us. It is like the women of the early races. We listen to them in the house, and on the land; we depend on them indoors and out; their husbands and their sons worship them!'

Elizabeth flushed involuntarily; but she met him gaily.

'In England too! Come and see!'

'I shall probably be in England next spring.'

Elizabeth made a sudden movement.

'I thought you would be in political life here!'

'I have had an offer—an exciting and flattering offer. May I tell you?'

He turned to her eagerly; and she smiled her sympathy, her curiosity. Whereupon he took a letter from his pocket—a letter from the Dominion Prime Minister, offering him a mission of inquiry to England, on some important matters connected with labour and emigration. The letter was remarkable, addressed to a man so young, and on the threshold of his political career.

Elizabeth congratulated him warmly.

'Of course you will come and stay with us!'

It was his turn to redden.

'You are very kind,' he said formally. 'As you know, I shall have everything to learn.'

'I will show you *our* farms!' cried Elizabeth, 'and all our dear decrepit life—our little chess-board of an England.'

'How proud you are, you Englishwomen!' he said, half frowning. 'You run yourselves down—and at bottom there is a pride like Lucifer's.'

'But it is not my pride,' she said, hurt, 'any more than yours. We are yours—and you are ours. One state!—one country.'

'No!—don't let us sentimentalise. We have our own future. It is not yours.'

'But you are loyal!' The note was one of pain.

'Are we? Foolish word! Yes, we are loyal, as you are—loyal to a common ideal, a common mission in the world.'

'To blood also!—and to history?' Her voice was almost entreating. What he said seemed to jar with other and earlier sayings of his, which had stirred in her a patriotic pleasure.

He smiled at her emotion—her implied reproach.

'Yes!—we stand together. We march together. But Canada will have her own history; and you must not try to make it for her.'

Their eyes met; in hers exaltation, in his a touch of sternness, a moment's revelation of the Covenanter in his soul.

Then as the delightful vision of her among the flowers, in her white dress, the mountains behind and around her, imprinted itself on his senses, he was conscious of a moment of intolerable pain. Between her and him—as it were—the abyss opened. The trembling waves of colour in the grass, the noble procession of the clouds, the

gleaming of the snows, the shadow of the valleys—they were all wiped out. He saw instead a small unsavoury room—the cunning eyes and coarse mouth of his father. He saw his own future as it must now be ; weighted with this burden, this secret ; if indeed it were still to be a secret ; if it were not rather the wiser and the manlier plan to have done with secrecy.

Elizabeth rose with a little shiver. The wind had begun to blow cold from the north-west.

‘How soon can we run down ? I hope Mr. Arthur will have sent Philip indoors.’

Anderson left Lake Louise about eight o'clock, and hurried down the Laggan road. His mind was divided between the bitter-sweet of these last hours with Elizabeth Merton, and anxieties, small practical anxieties, about his father. There were arrangements still to make. He was not himself going to Vancouver. McEwen had lately shown a strong and petulant wish to preserve his incognito, or what was left of it. He would not have his son's escort. George might come and see him at Vancouver ; and that would be time enough to settle up for the winter.

So Ginnell, owner of the boarding-house, a stalwart Irishman of six foot three, had been appointed to see him through his journey, settle him with his new protectors, and pay all necessary expenses.

Anderson knocked at his father's door and was allowed to enter. He found McEwen walking up and down his room, with the aid of a stick, irritably pushing chairs and clothes out of his way. The room was in squalid disorder, and its inmate had a flushed, exasperated look that did not escape Anderson's notice. He thought it probable that his father was already repenting his consent to go to Vancouver, and he avoided general conversation as much as possible. McEwen complained of having been left alone ; abused Mrs. Ginnell ; vowed she had starved and ill-treated him ; and then, to Anderson's surprise, broke out against his son for having refused to provide him with the money he wanted for the mine, and so ruined his last chance. Anderson hardly replied ; but what he did say was as soothing as possible ; and at last the old man flung himself on his bed, excitement dying away in a sulky taciturnity.

Before Anderson left his room, Ginnell came in bringing his accounts for certain small expenses. Anderson, standing with his back to his father, took out a pocket-book full of dollar bills. At

Calgary the day before a friend had repaid him a loan of a thousand dollars. He gave Ginnell a certain sum; talked to him in a low voice for a time, thinking his father had dropped asleep; and then dismissed him, putting the money in his pocket.

'Good-night, father,' he said, standing beside the bed.

McEwen opened his eyes.

'Eh?'

The eyes into which Anderson looked had no sleep in them. They were wild and bloodshot, and again Anderson felt a pang of helpless pity for a dishonoured and miserable old age.

'I'm sure you'll get on at Vancouver, father,' he said gently. 'And I shall be there next week.'

His father growled some unintelligible answer. As Anderson went to the door he again called after him angrily, 'You were a d— fool, George, not to find those dibs.'

'What, for the mine?' Anderson laughed. 'Oh, we'll go into that again at Vancouver.'

McEwen made no reply, and Anderson left him.

Anderson woke before seven. The long evening had passed into the dawn with scarcely any darkness, and the sun was now high. He sprang up, and dressed hastily. Going into the passage he saw to his astonishment that while the door of the Ginnells' room was still closed, his father's was wide open. He walked in. The room and the bed were empty. The contents of a box carefully packed by Ginnell—mostly with new clothes—the night before, were lying strewn about the room. But McEwen's old clothes were gone, his gun and revolver also, his pipes and tobacco.

Anderson roused Ginnell, and they searched the house and its neighbourhood—in vain. On going back into his own room Anderson noticed an open drawer. He had placed his pocket-book there the night before, but without locking the drawer. It was gone, and in its place was a dirty scrap of paper.

'Don't you try chivvying me, George, for you won't get any good of it. You let me alone, and I'll let you. You were a dude about that money, so I've took some of it. Good-bye.'

Sick at heart, Anderson resumed the search, further afield. He sent Ginnell along the line to make confidential inquiries. He telegraphed to persons known to him at Golden, Revelstoke, Kamloops, Ashcroft—all to no purpose. Twenty-four—thirty-six hours passed and nothing had been heard of the fugitive.

He felt himself baffled and tricked, with certain deep instincts and yearnings wounded to the death. The brutal manner of his father's escape—the robbery—the letter—had struck him hard.

When Friday night came, and still no news, Anderson found himself at the C.P.R. hotel at Field. He was stupid with fatigue and depression. But he had been in telephonic communication all the afternoon with Delaine and Lady Merton at Lake Louise, as to their departure for the Pacific. They knew nothing and should know nothing of his own catastrophe; their plans should not suffer.

He went out into the summer night to take breath, and commune with himself. The night was balmy; the stars glorious. On a siding near the hotel stood the private car which had arrived that evening from Vancouver, and was to go to Laggan the following morning to fetch the English party. They were to pick him up, on the return, at Field.

He had failed to save his father, and his honest effort had been made in vain. Humiliation and disappointment overshadowed him. Passionately, his whole soul turned to Elizabeth. He did not yet grasp all the bearings of what had happened. But he began to count the hours to the time when he should see her.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE PROVOST OF ETON.

It was on Friday, September 16, of last year, that I said good-bye to the late Provost of Eton in his pleasant home lying beneath the shadow of Skiddaw above the still and smiling Lake of Derwentwater. It was less than two months afterwards, on Saturday, November 6, that I laid all that was mortal of him to rest in the grave beside his wife in the little cemetery at Eton. A few minutes earlier I had watched the long procession of the governing body and the seventy King's Scholars and the few intimate mourners moving from the Lodge through the cloisters and the school-yard; I had looked from a seat just above the place which I had once occupied as a boy in his head-mastership upon his coffin resting in the chapel where he had so long worshipped; and many memories, happy and sacred, crowded upon my mind. For I had known him as a teacher and a friend ever since he came to Eton in 1868, and to know him so long was to feel for him a great and ever-growing affection.

How well I can recall the interest and excitement of the boys over the appointment of a new head-master! Dr. Balston, who had accepted the head-mastership, it is believed, against his own will and without any intention of retaining it long, was in educational matters, and especially in such matters as affected Eton, a pronounced Conservative. He had been bold enough to tell the Public Schools Commission frankly in his evidence that he did not think Eton stood in much need of reform. But public schools were on their trial in 1868. Educational reform was in the air, and Dr. Hornby was appointed, so at least the boys understood, to carry out reforms. It is, I think, no injustice to him to say that he was not at all a violent reformer. He was prepared to recognise the value of modern languages and of Natural Science in the curriculum of the school. But he never consented to sully the pure stream of Etonian Classicism by the institution of a modern side. To the end of his long life he was a votary of compulsory Greek at the Universities; nor could he bring himself to look upon any boy of twelve or thirteen years who was not something of a Greek scholar as properly

eligible for a scholarship on the foundation of Eton. But the standard of reform at Eton was not high in 1868 ; and as the head-mastership had long been confined to Etonians who had been King's scholars at Eton, King's men at Cambridge, and afterwards masters at Eton itself, the advent of a head-master who had not been a Colleger or a King's man, or even a Cambridge man, and who had never been a master at Eton, was regarded as an ominous event. For it is a strange law of human nature that public school boys, though so hopeful and eager, are predominantly Conservative, and Eton is, or was, I suppose, the most Conservative of schools.

However, Dr. Hornby was not long in winning his way. He possessed many titles to the admiration of the school over which he was destined to preside for sixteen years. In appearance he was the ideal of English manhood. He had played at Lord's in the Eton Eleven, and had rowed in the Oxford Eight. He had been a bold and ardent mountaineer, who had been one of the first to essay, in company with Professor Tyndall, the ascent of the Matterhorn, although not, I think, by the route now generally taken. He was always a beautiful skater ; the boys used to stand watching him cut figures at Ditton in the frosty weather ; and I remember his telling me that he learnt some new figure after he had completed his seventieth year. Then not only was he devoted to classical scholarship, but his scholarship was of a type peculiarly dear to Eton. He was a believer in the intellectual discipline of Latin verses. In his lessons he would dwell upon minute points of grammar, and upon the exact significance of words, with a precision which is commonly held to be characteristic of Cambridge rather than of Oxford. Nor was he only a classical scholar, although to be only a scholar is a high and is coming, I am afraid, to be a rare achievement. He had given a good deal of thought to theological study, especially when he was Principal of Bishop Cosin's Hall at Durham. His lessons in Divinity, and his 'Sunday questions' as they are called at Eton, frequently showed a certain large reserve of knowledge. In him the combination of physical and intellectual gifts was all but perfect.

It may well be that a pupil, even after the lapse of many years, is not the best judge of the head-mastership under which he spent his school life. He is at once too near his head-master and too far from him. He can know little of the reasons and motives which prompted his head-master's action in critical circumstances. He is swayed by a genuine reverence for one to whom he looked up in the

impressionable years of his life as an absolute and almost infallible authority. At the most, if he claims for himself the dangerous privilege of criticising his head-master, as a husband may occasionally criticise his wife, he resents and resists the criticism of others.

The story of Dr. Hornby's head-mastership is written in the chronicles of Eton. It is a story of quiet and successful progress. Possibly Eton, in view of its natural and social advantages, is less dependent upon its head-master than other schools, such as Harrow and Rugby; certainly it has not experienced such vicissitudes. Every head-master of Eton in recent times has raised the school to a greater numerical prosperity than his predecessors, and under Dr. Hornby the number of boys stood higher than it had ever stood before. His pupils, if they reflected at all upon his administration, could not fail to be impressed by his strong sense of duty. He was always at work, and always at work for Eton. I have heard him say that once in the early days of his head-mastership he passed a whole week without being able to take any exercise. He was not a head-master who was constantly running up and down the country to preach sermons or lecture parents upon their duties. Nor was he a head-master who gave up, as I am afraid some modern head-masters do, a great part of the teaching into other hands, that he might become an organiser or administrator of his school. He taught his Sixth Form carefully and regularly; it seldom happened that he missed a lesson, and his lessons were always well prepared. It may be a question whether a head-master does not lose more than he gains by undertaking so many commonplace duties as devolved upon the head-master of Eton in Dr. Hornby's time. For he must have spent many hours which he could ill afford to lose in calling 'absences'; but at least he was always in evidence, the boys saw him, and they knew that he worked hard.

It is possible that the remarkable courtesy of his manner may have laid him open to the charge of being less determined than a head-master ought to be. Rudeness is sometimes mistaken for strength, and suavity for weakness. But beneath the patient grace with which he would listen to representations and suggestions from all sorts and conditions of people lay a strength, a tenacity of purpose, a determination which at times approximated to obstinacy. Old Etonians will remember how firm he stood, whether rightly or wrongly, against a great deal of external pressure in refusing the use of the school buildings or grounds for a meeting which was to be

addressed by the American Evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, although he was willing enough that the boys should listen to them in any private room ; how firm, too, with indubitable right, in declining to allow even for a year the continuance of the lavish expenditure on champagne which had turned, as he thought, the final scene of the picturesque ceremony on the Fourth of June into a debauch. It is within my own knowledge that on one occasion, when the Sixth Form, of which I was then a member, besought him to mitigate a punishment inflicted upon the Eight, he was as immovable as he was considerate in his reply.

Dr. Hornby's head-mastership was of course not free from failings or mistakes. In private conversation, when he was an old man, he would often confess and regret that during his last two or three years as head-master he was tired out. The provostship came to him in 1884 as a welcome relief. But the critics of his administration are perhaps apt to forget that there are more types of head-mastership than one. Dr. Hornby was as far as possible from aspiring to win the reputation of a Busby or a Keate. He would, I think, have disapproved the habit of judging all head-masters by their conformity to the standard of Dr. Arnold. He did not affect or attempt to govern boys by terror. He did not aim at purging his school by the ruthless elimination of unpromising or intractable material. Ready as he was at all times to expel the contagious elements of evil, he would have urged with his gentle persuasiveness that anybody can teach the docile and responsive boys, but that a schoolmaster achieves his true success, wherever it is possible, not in sending difficult boys away, but in teaching them by precept and still more by example, by punishment and still more by encouragement, to love and so to live a noble life. At all events he set before his pupils in his own person the ideal of an English Christian gentleman. The Dean of Wells, who is himself an old head-master, spoke in a letter to 'The Times' of Dr. Hornby as a man whom every father would wish his son to resemble. One of his old pupils wrote to me after his death saying that there had been no such perfect gentleman since Colonel Newcome. It was not by compulsion but by attraction that Dr. Hornby exercised his influence. In his relation to his boys he seldom used strong or bitter language ; he never used sarcasm—that poisoned weapon of the schoolmaster's armoury. Now and again the pallor of his face or the setting of his lips would reveal his indignation at dishonourable conduct. But in general he would show by a quiet word or by

a gesture or a look more expressive than words, and in this way would stamp upon the offender's mind the feeling, that a particular action was not worthy of an Eton boy, that it was (if I may use a colloquialism) not 'good form.' It is difficult to over-estimate the elevating power of an example such as his reinforced by such means. Many Etonians of Dr. Hornby's time, and those especially who came under his immediate personal influence, were moved to seek the things which are pure and honest and lovely and of good report, because they knew that in seeking them they would fulfil his wish and because in their hearts they desired to be like him.

Dr. Hornby was probably too modest ever to ask himself what was the secret of his influence upon the school, or, indeed, whether he exercised any great influence. The most potent influence is almost necessarily unconscious. It issues not from calculation, but from personality. Yet it inspires faith, affection, hero-worship, even religion. For such influence is highest in the highest sphere. 'Religionis summa est,' says Augustine, 'imitari quem colis.'

Dr. Hornby gained a certain strength from his moderation. It may be that he carried his hatred of extremes itself to an extreme point. The spirit of unfairness, of exaggeration, of partisanship, was altogether alien from his mind. Over the gateway of his life might have been inscribed the suggestive adage of Greek philosophy, *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*. If ever any Christian believed, or showed himself to believe, that a virtue is according to Aristotle's definition the mean between two vices, it was he. His scholarship was in a sense the reflection of his character. There was in him an instinctive dislike of all that was tawdry or vulgar. A pretentious piece of translation or composition was sure to incur his quiet rebuke. He shrank with an almost morbid aversion from any noisy display of emotion. His own mental and spiritual equilibrium was never disturbed. In the face of misunderstanding and misrepresentation he maintained the appearance of an unruffled calm. His self-possession, his self-restraint were never violated.

There comes back to me the memory of a scene which would have been trying, I think, to anybody's composure but his. It happened once that Mr. Gladstone was lecturing in the school library at Eton upon Homer before an audience principally composed of Eton boys. In the course of his lecture he took occasion to quote a passage of Virgil; but his memory failed him when he had quoted only a line or two, and after vainly trying to regain the thread of the quotation he suddenly exclaimed, 'How does it

go on, Dr. Hornby?' There was an awkward pause, for the head-master no less than the orator was at fault. Then the somewhat metallic voice of a well-known assistant-master was heard from the back of the room, supplying the quotation. It is possible that the boys might have been a little pleased at the head-master's discomfiture, if he had allowed himself to look at all discomfited; but Dr. Hornby disarmed them by bowing his thanks with a smile to his zealous assistant, and Mr. Gladstone continued his lecture.

The quiet humour which was one of his characteristic endowments was a great help to him in dealing with boys; it made them feel foolish at times, but never, I think, angry. I remember the case of a boy who in writing a Latin declamation had saved himself trouble by incorporating in his exercise a long passage of one of Cicero's speeches in the hope that his plagiarism might escape the head-master's vigilant eye. Dr. Hornby did not punish or censure him, but when the award of the prize was announced, he simply remarked, 'F.'s declamation was an excellent specimen of Latinity, and he would probably have won the prize, if he had not unfortunately been anticipated in a whole page, not only in his ideas but in his very words, by a distinguished Latin writer named Cicero.'

It was by the same quiet humour that he once put to shame or to ridicule the fashion of wearing trousers of loud patterns which were rapidly coming into vogue among Eton boys. When he wished to address the boys collectively, he was in the habit of summoning them by special notice into Upper School. Nobody knew what he would say at such a meeting, or even what was his object in calling it. The whole scene is still vividly depicted before my mind. Some of the chief offenders, being rather prominent boys, without the slightest suspicion of the head-master's object, had taken up coigns of vantage on the window-sills of Upper School, their legs gaily habited in the loud checks dangling before the eyes of the whole assembly. As Dr. Hornby spoke his few quiet words upon the need of cultivating good taste in dress, he gently indicated by a wave of his hand the conspicuous illustration of the impropriety against which he protested. 'Solvuntur risu tabulae.' The rebuke of the offending boys was complete. The head-master had won the day.

He was always fond, when I was at Harrow, of quizzing me about my Harrovian associations. Many a time have we sat together during the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's in the Grand Stand or at the top of the Pavilion. Sometimes, if the

match was going against Eton, he would retire, or pretend that he must retire, to the Zoological Gardens; and I recollect how once he turned to me in the hour of Harrow's victory and said laughingly, with reference to the eleven, 'I suppose these boys are all very low down in the school.' It may be permitted me in this connexion to observe that he once laid himself open to an easy retort. We were looking on at a match, not the Eton and Harrow match, when the Hon. F. S. Jackson and Mr. A. C. MacLaren were at the wickets together; the Provost remarked to me that he thought they were the two finest bats in England, and I could not help making the rejoinder 'Yes, sir; and they were both my pupils at Harrow.'

It was after Dr. Hornby became Provost that he first revealed to the world, and perhaps he first realised himself, his singular gift of light, felicitous oratory. In my judgment, there was no after-dinner speaker to a cultivated audience who could be compared with him, except the Master of Trinity; and although the Master has made many more successful speeches than the Provost, I do not know that even he has attained that curiously exquisite *négligé* air which gave the Provost's speeches, witty and delightful as they were, the appearance of bubbling up by the spontaneous impulse of the moment like springs of pure water from the depth of a wonderfully rich and happy spirit.

Yet with all his grace and cheerfulness and humour, the foundation of the Provost's nature was a deep religious sincerity. His thoughtful and earnest sermons and the addresses which he often gave in Lent before the annual Confirmation were heard with attention by the Eton boys—one of the most critical congregations in the world. Anybody whose privilege it was in the hour of affliction or desolation to receive a sympathetic letter from him learnt to appreciate what a wealth of pious feeling lay hidden in his heart. He was a devoted believer in the Church of England; he rejoiced in the contribution of saintly lives which Eton had made and is still making to the Church. To him the Christianisation of the Empire was a vital interest, and he would speak with admiring pride of the three Etonian bishops—Selwyn, Abraham and Hobhouse—who founded the Church of New Zealand. Once at least when he was walking down Keate's Lane with a friend he pointed out the window of the room in which he used to 'mess' as a boy with John Coleridge Patteson, and he added in earnest tones that he had never had the heart to enter that room of sacred memories since.

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No account of the late Provost's life would be complete without some reference to his domestic life; but that is holy ground. It must be enough to tell that his life was intensely happy—too happy, I had almost said, in the estimate of some of his friends, who were tempted to feel that he would have played a greater or a more imposing part in public life if he had not been so fond of retiring from the dust and stress of the world to the calm serenity of the home, where he loved to spend his holidays with his family in the Lake country. Yet his happiness was not unclouded. It was solemnised and sanctified by bereavement. His wife, who had given him, as he wrote to me after her death, greater joy than he had ever deserved, was taken from him in 1891. He lost his eldest son soon afterwards. Other sorrows too fell upon him year by year; it was seldom that he could bring himself to speak of them; they evoked the beauty of his Christian spirit, but they did not embitter—they did not apparently even sadden—his nature. Only he drew the remaining members of his family and his friends a little closer to his heart.

All classes of society within and without Eton were present at his funeral. The representative of the King followed his coffin to the grave. The Eton watermen lined the pathway of the cemetery where he was laid to rest. He sleeps under the shadow of the famous school which he loved so well and served so faithfully. There may have been greater head-masters of Eton, but there can be none who was more deeply or widely beloved. He was in the eyes of all Etonians, and he will long remain in their memories, the ideal Provost. And they who knew him in the two offices which filled more than forty years of his long life may well have felt, as they turned their steps slowly and sadly away from his grave on the clear, sunny November afternoon of his funeral, that they could scarcely hope to meet again among their friends, while life should last, so true and perfect a Christian gentleman as James John Hornby.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

THE HOWE O' THE MEARNs.¹

LADDIE, my lad, as ye gang at the tail o' the plough
 And the days draw in;
 When the burning yellow's awa' that was aince a-low
 On the braes of whin,
 Do ye mind o' me that bides in the wearyfu' south
 While the rowan turns,
 And the bracken fades on the knowes at the river's mouth
 In the Howe o' the Mearns ?

There was nae twa' lads frae the Grampians down to the Tay
 That could best us twa' ;
 At bothie or dance, or the field on a footba' day
 We could sort them a'.
 And at courting-time, when the stars keeked down on the glen
 Through a theek of ferns,
 It was you an' me got the pick o' the basket then,
 In the Howe o' the Mearns.

London is fine, an' for ilk o' the lasses at hame
 There'll be saxty here,
 But the hairst-time comes and the spring, an' it's aye the same
 Through the changefu' year ;
 And the wheels ding on a' day when I'm wearying still
 For the sound o' burns ;
 And they're thrashing now at the white farm up on the hill
 In the Howe o' the Mearns.

If I mind mysel' and deave for the best o' my days
 While I've e'en to see,
 When I'm auld and done wi' the fash of their English ways
 I'll come hame to dee ;
 For the lad dreams aye o' the prize that the man'll get,
 But he lives and learns,
 And it's far, far ayont him still—but it's further yet
 To the Howe o' the Mearns.

¹ Kincardineshire.

Laddie, my lad, when the hair is white on ye're pow
 And the work's put past,
And ye're hand's owre auld and heavy to haud the plough,
 I'll win hame at last,
An' we'll bide our time on the knowes where the broom shines braw
 And the whin-flower burns
Till the last lang gloaming shall creep on us baith, and fa'
 On the Howe o' the Mearns.

VIOLET JACOB.

AN ENGLISH PRISONER OF WAR IN FRANCE,
1794-1795.

I.

COMPARATIVELY few foreigners had the opportunity of living in a French provincial town during the troublous years between the Reign of Terror and the First Consulate.

My great-grand-uncle was a prisoner of the French at Tarascon during this interregnum and kept a careful journal which is now in my possession. From it I have collected the facts which form this narrative. They may be of interest to those who know France now, when she gives foreigners a more cordial welcome than she gave to the officers and crew of the *Acalus* in 1794.

Charles Compton Parish was born in Dublin Castle on May Day, 1771, his father being at that time chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Early in life he joined the merchant service, and at the age of twenty-three he was already owner and captain of a vessel, the *Acalus*, trading with the West Indies.

It was September, in the year 1794, and France had but lately sent Robespierre to the guillotine and emancipated herself from the Reign of Terror. The Convention was still sitting, and Napoleon had not yet appeared on the horizon to guide the destinies of France. Trade was disorganised and the seas were haunted by pirate ships and hostile men-of-war. Captain Parish had delivered a cargo in London and was returning to the ill-fated port of Messina when his ship was captured off the Spanish coast by six French frigates. He himself was taken on board the *Minerva* as a prisoner of war.

In spite of the surprise of finding himself surrounded by a French squadron (he had thought the ships were Spanish, and consequently friendly), he had not omitted to collect some clothes, books, and other necessities which he was fortunately able to take with him on board the French ship. But his temporary satisfaction did not last long, for meeting an English captain and fellow-prisoner on board he soon learnt the horrible conditions which he would have to share with the other prisoners. Illness and disease, resulting from an utter want of cleanliness, were rife among the French

sailors and had not unnaturally spread among their prisoners. The English captain had brought with him some quantity of personal belongings, but with the exception of the one he wore not even a shirt remained, the rest of his things having been appropriated by the ship's crew.

It appeared that the squadron had captured sixteen English vessels, and there were on board the *Minerva* ten or twelve English captains besides about forty seamen. Hearing a dinner-bell ring, Captain Parish went in search of a meal himself and soon found some English mates and other sailors eating salt fish out of wooden bowls, for the most part with their fingers for want of other implements. Finding no place among them, Captain Parish made a further search and found one at another mess, shared with the French officers and all the English 'captains-that-were,' and a Scotch captain whom he had known at Naples and Messina. Here he was given a place, but, at first, nothing to eat or drink except a tumbler of wine offered him by a compatriot who told him it was *fortune de guerre*. He soon found that a general rejoicing was taking place to celebrate the capture of his own ship the *Acalus*, all the French officers being present except the captain (who dined apart), and many Republican songs were sung after dinner. Then the Commodore sent for him, and after showing him some civility, ordered him to take his things out of the chest and put them into bags as no chests were allowed on board. Captain Parish thought this would mean that he would never see them again, and begged for permission to keep at least two shirts, but the French captain assured him that his property would on no account be touched, though for greater security he advised him to entrust his things to the First Lieutenant and to the Master of Signals. This suggestion was joyfully accepted by the Englishman, who little realised how few of his belongings he would ever meet with again.

His next care was for his bed which had been left in the boat, but on finding it he soon discovered that it had been plundered of its contents; rug and blankets were missing, but the rug he soon recovered and thought by another attempt to secure his blankets also. This was not so easy, and the sailor who had taken them informed him that unless Captain Parish wished to share the fate of his little dog (who had followed him into the boat and had then been thrown overboard), he had better sit still aft and give up his bedding.

'I then began to find the difference,' writes ex-Captain Parish in his journal, 'between the conquered and the conqueror, and thought it best to desist, complaint in these affairs being endless, for the men's knowledge of the officers having a share encourages them and leads them to imagine that they, by the same rule, have a license to do the same.'

The First Lieutenant, who took charge of Captain Parish's clothes, showed him the lockers of the cockpit, giving him permission to sleep on them in company with Captain John Moody, a fellow-prisoner, and he soon realised his good fortune on hearing that all the other prisoners were put to sleep on the cables in the hold.

No accommodation of any kind was made for their washing or dressing, and after an indifferent night, Captain Parish drew a bucket of salt water for himself to wash his face and hands.

I now thought (he writes) that I had nothing to do but keep myself clean and decent and keep up my spirits, having patience till such time as it should be my lot to change for the better. I was happy to have liberty to go to what part of the ship I liked, that I got plenty to eat, a clean place to sleep in, and some of the officers seemed to have a generous pity for us English prisoners. But this did not last, and we found that as the number of the English prisoners increased the jealousy of the French was aroused and their strictness redoubled.

It was fortunate for my ancestor that he had so great a power of raising his spirits under the most depressing circumstances, and this probably carried him through the ordeals of the next few months. The following day the French frigate captured a Spanish brig laden with powder from Alicante and bound for Barcelona, and the treatment given the Spanish seamen and officers when they were brought on board, and on many subsequent occasions, was such as to make Captain Parish thank God for being an Englishman. On the following day, finding his time lie heavy on his hands, Captain Parish went to the lieutenants' cabin, found his bag (already appreciably thinner than when he had left it there two nights before), and taking out his flute, began to play upon it.

A young officer belonging to the ship came down on hearing the music, begged leave to borrow the flute, and put his cabin at the Englishman's disposal, begging him to write there, play the flute, or do what he pleased in it, and for the moment the prospect looked distinctly brighter.

But the following day more prizes were taken, including a Spanish brig, carrying troops (these 250 men were luckily not transferred to the *Minerva*), and the *Clarence*, an English yacht going from Barcelona to Malago with thirty French emigrants

on board. The vessels were taken by three of the French frigates under English colours, and the decoy was not perceived till the boats were alongside the English ship, to the great consternation of the unfortunate *émigrés*. Among these were an old man, upwards of ninety years of age, who had in his time been an admiral; his son, a marquis and formerly a naval captain, with his wife and two children; the eldest, a girl of about sixteen, died on board the *Minerva* off Toulon, and was buried at the Lazaretto. The chaplain and two friars who were with them were immediately put in irons. The misery of these fresh prisoners and the despair of their servants caused considerable amusement to the crew of the *Minerva*, but the great increase in the number of the prisoners meant an immediate decrease in their comfort. The English prisoners were sent down to the hold and put in irons with a sentry to guard them, and Captain Parish and Captain Moody were told, to their intense disgust, to sleep with them. The hold was not only unbearably hot, but so dirty that Captain Parish did not even dare to take his bed with him; there was no light, and everybody had crowded in the hatchway to get the best air, so that it was impossible to get a berth without treading on and creeping over their legs and heads. Could they have sat upright even it would have been bearable, but the coil of the cable being only about a foot and a half above the deck made it about as uncomfortable a bed as could well be imagined. Being neither able to sit, stand, nor to lie down, their bones ached all over until the joyful moment came when the English captains were allowed again on deck in the morning.

On December 24 two more Spanish vessels were captured, and a strong wind sprang up which materially increased the discomfort of the women, whose quarters on the gun-deck and in the officers' cabins were unpleasantly overcrowded.

On Christmas Day the excitement increased, and this strange day is best described by an extract from Captain Parish's journal:

It now blew a strong gale and we found the ship in the morning under close-reefed topsails. She shipped an immense deal of water and laboured much; when down in the hold we could at times really feel the ship twist and her long keel bend. At noon, the gale freshening, the mainsail was handed, and in the evening, blowing extremely hard, the topsails were clewed up, remaining in that state, beating fit to go to pieces and no one willing to go up to hand them, the officers being obliged to run about the decks with their cutlasses to start the sailors up. They were at last in a manner half made fast, and remained so all night. Now finding the sea come over the quarter-deck, and being extremely cold, I went

down with my friend Moody into the cockpit. The French ladies were soon forced down by a sea which entered the great cabin windows. Our business was to quieten the children, who were very much frightened, as best we could.

About 6 o'clock I was much alarmed to see the Master-at-Arms run down crying out that 'the English prisoners had revolted,' and he immediately went down into the gun-room for pistols, cartouch boxes, &c. Some of the officers who were in the ward-room immediately armed themselves with a brace of pistols and a cutlass (which was always ready). Lanthorns were instantly all over the ship, everybody was immediately armed, and everyone was in confusion, the vessel labouring and shipping water, and the repeated cries of 'The Traitors! Where are they?' were truly terrible.

There happened to be three of us down below aft, and we thought it best to sit still where we were, as we were sure it was without provocation they had armed. A young lieutenant came running down in a great passion. I spoke to him, but he answered only by pointing his cutlass to my throat in a furious manner, crying out, 'You Traitors, away with you!' and drove us into a cabin, where he shut us up. We were scarcely there one minute when he would have us out again, thinking us too near the gun-room, where there was by this time a strong guard. The Master of Colours again put us into the cabin, but the young officer now insisted on our going on deck in the midst of numbers of marines armed with tomahawks and bayonets, each seeming eager to have the first drive. When we had escaped the guard at the gun-room door, going up the ladder we saw the hatchway surrounded by the wild marines, who immediately showed their activity by flourishing their weapons of destruction. I was twice knocked down on my passage up the ladder; my hat was knocked off, but with the quick thought that its strength and false crown would save a blow, I picked it up again. We three now found ourselves to be the only Englishmen out of the hold, and were again driven down into the ward-room at the points of their swords. The great noise and uproar prevented the officers a long time from hearing one another, and we were properly bothered by contradictory orders. I now began to think it was a dreadful Christmas night, and really at that time I could not have insured my life at one per cent., for never before was I so near my death, even at the time of falling overboard at sea in a gale of wind!

We were at last sent down into the ward-room with a guard over us till all was quiet again, for which we were very thankful, as we escaped running the gauntlet of the gun-room like the rest of the English captains and passengers and mates, and I thought it impossible but that some of them must have been killed as they were bundled down the hatchway neck and heels, some of them much bruised; but only one was wounded, in the back, and his life was saved by a heavy but lucky lurch of the ship.

Upon inquiry it was found that the report had originated in some malicious French sailor who had first given the report. A number of them were drunk and it was very fortunate that all our sailors were down in the hold and in irons, for had they been scattered about the ship they would most likely have armed themselves and made resistance. As everybody shares the same fate in the case of failure of such an attempt I was now very anxious to hear the whole of the affair, but dared not yet stir out of the ward-room, and found the officers too busy to give me an answer.

We were fortunate enough to sit down to a comfortable supper, but the rest of our friends were not suffered to stir out of the hold, having over them a strong guard; neither would some of them have stirred out for the best supper ever provided.

If a little time past I was frightened and thought this would have proved a

miserable Christmas Day to me, I was now more cheerful and merry and ate the heartiest supper I ever had on board. I am sure the danger I had escaped helped to heighten my joy and thankfulness. It had been a very disagreeable affair, and might have been attended with disastrous consequences.

I imagined that the officers and men had naturally a fear of so many prisoners knowing the incapacity of their own crew in such bad weather, and had given that alarm to show that they were always ready and to keep them in awe for the future.

After supper I began to dread the going forward to bed, as I thought they might possibly take me for one of those who had escaped out of the hold, the consequences of which would, I knew, be worse than the first. I told my friends of my determination to sleep again in the ward-room, and they begged me not to think of such a thing at that time, but the Captain coming down I stepped up to him, and begged him to give me leave. I told him how hurtful it was to me who was not used to sleep on billets of wood and water casks, and where we were stowed so thick, and that if he should suspect anything in us he might chain us together, which we would willingly suffer to sleep wholesomely. After telling him I was sorry that such a disagreeable report had been raised, I assured him that our people were all certain they were treated as well as prisoners at that time could expect, and that they would not be ungrateful and rise upon the French. He gave us three liberty to sleep there, for which leave we were very thankful, and the others were much pleased with me for asking it.

The next morning we were the first up and it was not till after breakfast that we had the pleasure of seeing an English face upon deck, but only the masters and mates were allowed that liberty. It still blew extremely hard from the north-west, and the sea very high and covered with a white surf; it had snowed and hailed much all night, and was prodigiously cold for idle hands.

The Captain having now lost sight of the five other frigates determined to push for Toulon with all possible speed. He carried an amazing press of sail on the ship this day, the lee gunwales seldom appearing out of water; ten knots she went with her sails touching the wind. Towards evening we saw land to the eastward and soon got into smooth water; in the evening we shortened sail and tacked in to the land.

The following day the *Minerva* lay off Toulon in the company of fourteen sail of the line and seven frigates, and was kept there twenty days in quarantine. Many of the sick were landed at the Lazaretto, which was surrounded by high walls to isolate it from the town, and the only communication between the people inside and their friends in the town was held through a double-barred gate. The whole place was full of fever and disease, and the extreme cold, which exceeded anything experienced in the south of France for twenty years, added to the illnesses on board the *Minerva*. Only about twenty of her own crew, including officers, remained, and the prisoners were kept hard at work scrubbing the decks and putting her in readiness for her next voyage with the fleet. Captain Moody was one of the many who fell ill with fever and was moved to the Lazaretto. At first Captain Parish visited his friend in hospital, but soon found that even visits to such a place were most injurious to him, and he was obliged to give it up.

It was no uncommon thing at that time for fifty or sixty patients to die in one week at each hospital.

It was about this time that the *Acalus* was brought in with other prizes to Toulon, and Captain Parish was much mortified at the sight, having secretly hoped that she might have been recaptured by the English in the meanwhile.

The days of quarantine were very tedious for everyone on board and especially for the prisoners, who had to suffer many things that were said against their country. Most of the French officers had been masters of merchantmen, and had been taken prisoners during the war and carried to England, from whence they had succeeded in making their escape after suffering considerable ill-treatment by falling into bad hands. It was not unnatural, therefore, that they should take every opportunity of impressing this on their English prisoners. One of them told Captain Parish that he had been taken by an English frigate and at once sent forward to mess and sleep with his own seamen, being told by the captain that 'that was liberty and equality and be d——d to him.'

Though Toulon itself was short of food the prisoners on board ship had nothing to complain of with regard to their meals, in fact Captain Parish was often shocked at the amount of food, especially bread, that was wasted on the *Minerva*, though the French sailors ate far less meat than the English did.

Before they were allowed out of quarantine every person on the ship was sent on shore to be 'smoked,' and the prisoners were somewhat alarmed for fear an opportunity might be taken of the fumigating to stifle or smother them in the hut where the process was gone through, but though decidedly unpleasant at the time they experienced no ill-effects afterwards.

II.

After being called over on January 28, all the prisoners left the *Minerva* in two boats with a lieutenant in charge of them. Some excitement prevailed as to whether the change on shore would better their condition or the reverse, and the first stages of their journey were most unfavourable. They spent several hours, after leaving the row boats, under the second deck of an old hulk, in pitch darkness and appalling smells, in a space some twenty-two feet square, there being then about eighty prisoners. From the freezing cold outside the change to stifling heat was very trying,

and they were soon obliged to take off most of their clothes. Before many hours were over an officer appeared to conduct them all to Tarascon, where they were to remain indefinitely. The procession was headed by a band playing the 'Rogue's March,' and first visited a hospital which had lately been converted into a prison. Here the prisoners were again counted over, a list made of their names, and then, the baggage having been put into carts, they were marched out of the town, four abreast, in the charge of a captain, a lieutenant, and twenty-four soldiers.

Captain Parish was lucky enough to have kept two bags of clothes and a small trunk of books, and was in this respect better off than any of his fellow-prisoners; the Spanish ones, of whom there were about 160, were far the worst clad, many having scarcely more than two linen shirts to keep out the cold and being in a wretched state of health. The English marched ahead, following the drum, and the poor Spaniards were soon unable to keep up with them, so the French captain, at the first halt, changed the order, placing the Spaniards in front. This, however, was so distasteful to the Englishmen that in less than ten minutes the procession was headed once more by the bluejackets. 'There is something very particular,' Captain Parish writes in his journal, 'in the spirit of an Englishman, when in company with foreigners; they are determined to the last to outdo them, let it cost what it will, and always wish to maintain as well as claim their superiority; but this spirit has also its inconvenience as they are too apt to look down upon the rest with contempt, as if so much beneath them, instead of objects truly deserving our pity and assistance.'

About four miles from Toulon they passed through a village where they devoutly hoped that a halt would be made to enable them to have some refreshment, but not even a drink of water was to be had and they passed out of the village by a rougher and more hilly road, arriving in the evening at the little town of Bouchez. The evening was very cold and the melting snow had made the day's march additionally tiring to sailors who had not been on land for many weeks. It was twenty-four hours since they had had any food, and yet, even when a lodging had been procured in a small room with straw spread on the floor to serve for beds, they had to wait till eleven o'clock before any food was brought to them; and when it came the allowance only consisted of one pound of bread and four ounces of raw beef to each man. It was impossible to make a fire, and Captain

Parish having succeeded in getting something to drink, he soon devoured his bread and raw beef, finding the next morning, to his horror, that the allowance was intended to last until the following evening, and that he would get neither breakfast nor dinner.

They were awakened at four in the morning, and about seven o'clock the Spaniards were sent on in advance; but the Englishmen soon caught them up, and about one o'clock a halt was made in a village called Tongée for dinner. Here Captain Parish was fortunately able to buy some wine and a few broiled fishes, though the price asked was most exorbitant, and bread was unobtainable for love or money, the inhabitants being supplied with an allowance for themselves and subjected to a heavy penalty if any of it was sold.

The prisoners ate their meal below the tree of Liberty which was planted in the middle of the village, but the English people were subjected to a good deal of insult from the inhabitants, who tried to force them to cry 'Vive la République!'

The unfortunate Spaniards, however, were worse sufferers. They were given little or no rest, as they invariably arrived long after the other prisoners at their destination, and were started off in front of them. Many fell ill by the way, and the carts were laden with the sick until there was no room for many who were really unfit to walk.

Captain Parish himself had little to complain of, as he was young and strong and could afford to supplement his allowance by purchasing extra food; but his cabin-boy soon got knocked up, and finding he had fallen behind, the Captain waited for him until he came up, and then persuaded the sentry to make room for the boy on a cart. By an hour's rapid walking he caught up with his fellow-captains behind the drum again, and towards evening a halt was made at Ricabeza, once more by the tree of Liberty, until lodgings were found for them all. One meagre sheep had to do duty and feed sixty hungry souls this time, but a fire was found wherewith to cook it, and it soon disappeared.

Next day the roads got more hilly, and as they approached the mountains the cold increased. Two large country seats, evidently belonging to people of considerable importance, were passed on the way, but they were utterly deserted and more or less destroyed, the gardens and grounds having been laid waste. On reaching Aix-en-Provence they were taken to a large building and passed through an iron gate to which a box was attached with the

inscription 'Tronc pour les pauvres prisonniers,' and they soon found that their lodging was the common jail.

They were first taken through long damp corridors lined with cells to the prison yard, where the English, Spaniards, and Catalonians were separated, the former being given some meat, a few chunks of wood, and a copper vessel in which to cook it; but this was not possible, as no axe was provided with which to cut the wood, and they were obliged once more to eat raw meat. At nine o'clock they were taken into a prison cell, about fourteen feet square, with no straw even to sleep on, but chains in the corners and centre of the floor, which were much worn with frequent use. They were even unable to lie on the floor owing to their number, and Captain Parish having succeeded in getting some wine for himself, he and his friend Allan treated the rest of the Englishmen to a glass of rum all round, which they thoroughly enjoyed.

The next morning they were early on the march again, but two nights later, at Arcon, they slept again in the jail, this time in a garret with a shattered roof, and at such close quarters that several quarrels occurred between the English and Spanish prisoners. As the English invariably arrived first at their destination, they got the pick of the lodgings and the food—such as it was—to the extreme disgust of the Spaniards.

The next night, at St. Rémy, was spent in a church which was extremely cold, and they were all awakened in the middle of the night by the scream of a soldier who declared he had seen a dead man walk about in the church.

They had now, after experiencing horrible weather in the hills, emerged into a level country and saw, in the distance, the town of Tarascon in front of them. By this time the number of Spaniards was greatly diminished, as many as fourteen a day having dropped on the road from illness and fatigue. The food obtainable for such as could afford to pay for it varied considerably, and once or twice Captain Parish succeeded in getting a tolerable meal; but all the better houses in the villages were shut up and deserted, and the churches converted into barns or shops; on some of them was written, 'The national magazine for forage'; on others, 'The French people acknowledge the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.' The tree of Liberty, of an amazing height, was placed in every village, and on the butchers' shops, which were not many, was written 'Liberté ou la mort.' The towns were better peopled than might have been expected, but all who were able carried

arms, and Captain Parish says he never met a man on the road who had not the appearance of a soldier; the people he describes as hardy and stout, especially the women, 'though I cannot say,' he adds, 'that these latter were either handsome in their persons or dresses.'

On arriving at Tarascon Captain Parish met another Englishman, Captain Edwards, who had been a prisoner at Tarascon about nine months, and he soon learned from him that the prisoners were allowed absolute liberty so long as they passed muster in the evening. This was very welcome news to him, and he began to catechise his new friend about the possibility of getting remittances, &c. The prisoners, of whom hitherto only about ten were Englishmen, received an allowance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread and ten sols a day, lodging being provided for them in the church belonging to a convent, which had straw spread on the floor for beds. Captain Edwards, however, invited Captain Parish to share his own rooms with him until he should find some that suited him better, which was not an easy matter when the whole place was crowded with soldiers and prisoners of war, and the invitation was gratefully accepted. The arrival of his baggage not a little surprised his host, who had fully expected him to possess nothing but the clothes in which he stood.

Towards evening they went together to the Commissaire de guerre to ask for an increase of their allowance, as a rise in the price of provisions made it impossible for them to buy more than $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of meat with their ten sols. Meanwhile, Edwards showed the newcomer how to make the most of what he had, advising him to remain in bed and sleep till 11 A.M., thus avoiding the expense of breakfast, and then to sell the bread which was allowed him and buy potatoes, which were much cheaper, with the money. Dinner and supper for five of them could be got off a sheep's head, and the greater part of the day was spent in cooking and marketing.

On Sunday, February 8, Captain Parish wrote for money to his correspondents at Genoa, and then went out into the town where a *fête* day was being celebrated, and men and women, all dressed neat and clean, danced in long rows about the town to drums and fife. This public mirth had a very pleasing effect; in fact they 'seldom wanted for music in any part of the town.'

He had, unfortunately, caught a chill by wearing a damp shirt, and soon began to suffer from a fever. He first tried to cure himself and then sent for the doctor, but by February 14 he was

very seriously ill and acting on the advice of his friends was removed in a sedan chair to the hospital.

For three weeks he was reduced to a state of unconsciousness by excessive bleeding, combined with starvation, and when he regained his senses he found himself in a corner of the ward known as 'the death bed,' where patients were put when recovery was despaired of; but a change of weather and the kind attentions of the head nurse or matron of the hospital saved his life, and he slowly recovered his strength. Hearing, about March 10, that there was some talk of an exchange of prisoners, and being much alarmed at the idea that his fellow countrymen would leave Tarascon before he had strength to travel, he determined to hasten his recovery, but only brought on a relapse by this sudden effort, and it was not till March 31 that he was able to leave the hospital.

'I was much pleased,' he writes, 'to observe the perfect cleanliness of this hospital throughout, and the good regulations there used. They seemed to spare no expense, having everything of the best. The sick eat and drink out of pewter which is scoured bright every day, and they have the best bread and finest beef in the town; there is always hot broth ready for the sick, and those who are better have served them a pint of good wine and a pound of white bread. I, being a favourite, had always boiled rice in the morning for breakfast, at ten hot soup was served out and a ration of beef, and at four again a loaf was served out, with rice or soup or beef. Prayers were read in public three times a day by the nurses in the respective wards, and clean linen of all kinds was served out as required; but I preferred wearing my own, excepting sheets. The room I was in was a spacious one, about 100 feet in length, 25 in breadth, and 24 in height. The bedsteads were all of iron, with green serge curtains bound with red, the uniformity of which, with the neat manner in which they were always kept, had a pleasing effect. There were eighteen beds in my room. The doctor visited at 8 in the morning and at 3 in the afternoon; the surgeon came half an hour before. The hospital was governed by four directors, and everybody seemed very attentive to their duty. The head nurse was so compassionate and obliging in her behaviour that I was always happy to see her.'

It is very comforting to think that even in those days all hospitals were not managed like the Lazaretto at Toulon, though how in what appears to have been a public, if not a Government, building prayers were allowed to be read in those intolerant days seems hard to understand.

The intolerance must have been already decreasing, for by the beginning of April an entry in the Journal states that 'the people had begun to betake themselves to their former religion, and had a house in the fields where they held public Mass, and they also wore their crucifixes in sight, which had been formerly hidden. The genteel people began to venture out, which before we had not seen;

by some *monsieur* was used, but more generally *citoyen*, and a few days later he writes that they have been keeping holiday for three days in honour of Easter, and that the people 'were chiefly genteelly drest.'

On leaving hospital Captain Parish had taken some very pleasant rooms in the most healthy part of the town, where he was well cared for by a tailor and his wife, who made him most comfortable in every way, and frequently invited him to share their supper. He had learnt some French by this time, and was able to hold conversation with his hosts, and by playing on his flute, going long country walks, and having an occasional game of billiards the time passed pleasantly enough, though he began gradually to lose his companions, who were deserting one by one. Although he was now quite strong again, he was unable to desert himself, as no money arrived from his correspondents, and he would not leave the town before paying his debts to his landlady and washerwoman. His allowance of ten sols a day was quite inadequate, and he made several applications to the District for an increase to ten livres, to which he believed he was entitled. He heard from Captain Moody, who was a prisoner at Sisteron, that their pay, which had first fallen to two livres, had now been altogether stopped, and they were actually starving. So Captain Parish consoles himself by comparing his situation with that of others, and writes that 'fortune's favours seem to follow me every day I rise; happy fellow that I am, God has blessed me with a mind contented in any situation!'

And, indeed, he seemed to be in a lucky vein, for the very day his washerwoman came to demand her arrears of payment, and he had made the rash promise that she should be paid by noon, he was sent for by the District, who informed him that his allowance had not only been raised to ten livres, but that the Convention had sent down the balance of 674 livres 10 sous which were owing to him; and his debts, amounting to 600 livres, were promptly paid by noon!

The next day, being May Day, was his birthday, and he celebrated it by ordering a sumptuous dinner at the tavern on the strength of his new riches. The coming of the spring had been a great delight to him, but though the days were already sultry the nights were cold and chilly, and he was most anxious to devise a plan of escape attended by the fewest possible risks. On May 10 he heard from Captain Edwards that the latter had safely made his escape to Leghorn, and was already in command of a fine ship,

the *Elizabeth*, 300 tons; and receiving a letter from another ex-prisoner, who had also succeeded in making his escape, Captain Parish determined to lose no more time in following their example.

His luggage was his first care, and he wrote to M. Viale, his correspondent in Marseilles, to receive it for him and send it straight to Leghorn. His next step was to obtain a forged passport from the District of Cette, which was a risky game, and, though good enough to blind a sailor, might in case of detection have meant losing his head. The idea of recapture, and the confinement in the tower which would result from it, filled him with horror, and he was determined to take every possible precaution.

Before leaving he took an affectionate farewell of the tailor and his wife, who had done so much for him in Tarascon; and, on receiving a deplorable account from Captain Pypes, a friend of his in prison at Sisteron, of their starving condition he sent him 250 francs, which was the utmost that he could spare. Then, after a farewell meal with him, Captain Parish helped his former chief mate, Phillips, with plans for his own escape and arrangements for their meeting at Genoa or Leghorn.

He had made friends with a Sardinian fellow-prisoner, and offered to pay his expenses to Leghorn if he would accompany him on his escape, thinking that the Sardinian's knowledge of French would facilitate his journey. The padrone of a Genoese boat offered, after much bargaining, to take them both, and the Captain's luggage, to Genoa for sixteen and a half guineas (his original offer having been forty), and this was promptly accepted and the trunk sent on board at night.

The chief difficulty was to avoid Arles, about nine miles below Tarascon, where the boats were subjected to a strict search, and obliged to obtain bills of health and passports for every man on board; so it was arranged that Captain Parish and the Sardinian should start on foot and join the boat below Arles. Captain Parish was forced to entrust his trunk to the Genoese beforehand, knowing that the chances were that he would never see either his trunk or the Genoese captain again; but on the principle of 'Nothing venture, nothing have' the risk was taken, and on the morning of May 14 Captain Parish left Tarascon for good.

He wore a blue jacket and white trousers, and had in his pocket a tricolor cockade—the smallest he could find, thinking that a large staring one would attract attention and more quickly arouse suspicion. When they had gone about a mile out of the town he

tacked it to his hat with a needle and thread specially brought for the purpose, and then they set out for Arles at a brisk pace by the less frequented road alongside the river.

At Arles the guide, a brother of the Genoese padrone, insisted on walking straight through the town, saying there was no other road, and Captain Parish much disliked the necessity of passing by so many people, who seemed to have nothing better to do than stare at him; but his alarm was greatly increased when, in a narrow street, they encountered a whole troop of dragoons going leisurely along to water their horses. He begged his guide to talk to him in French, and so give him an excuse for not looking at the soldiers; but the Genoese only made matters worse by saying 'Non paura' in a loud voice. They had hardly got past the first troop when a second came in sight, and by this time Captain Parish felt that his situation was hopeless, and he was hardly surprised at hearing one trooper remark to his neighbour that the man was either an English prisoner or a Jacobin deserter in disguise; but nothing further occurred, and at last Arles was left behind. At this point the guide went forward to look for his brother's boat, leaving Captain Parish to manage as best he could, and many were the opportunities given him of saying 'Bonjour, citoyen' to passers-by. It was some time before the guide returned with the news that the Genoese boat had gone down the river, and by walking quickly on they caught it up and got safely on board by half-past four in the afternoon.

Captain Parish at once took an oar and shared in the work of the men as well as in the 'comical food,' consisting of calavances and macaroni cooked in oil and salt. The meal was prepared and eaten on the right bank of the river.

At night they made the boat fast to the bank and covered the deck with a tent, under which they slept. The wind continued to blow from the south-east, and after pulling for seven or eight miles they were forced to give up, and made no further progress that day. Their breakfast consisted this time of calavances and rice boiled with oil, for a change. But Captain Parish's appetite soon left him when, on the third day, a contrary wind still prevented their leaving their moorings. He was much alarmed lest he should be pursued and recaptured, and hid himself all day in the bottom of the boat among coats and sails for fear of detection. He was rendered most unnecessarily uncomfortable by having made a foolish vow that he would not wash his face and hands nor comb his hair and shave

until he had passed the coast of France, and so every delay was doubly disagreeable to him.

The sailors spent their day in picking flowers in all the neighbouring gardens, which they offered to Captain Parish on their return, but, 'wishing,' as he says, 'to lay aside any appearance of finery, and fearing to be seen with anything of the kind, I did not accept any.' With his nerves in this condition it is not surprising to find how much he suffered on the next and most dangerous stage of his journey.

On May 17, towards evening, they approached the Tower, close to the mouth of the river, where a strict search was made of every boat that passed. Telling him to beware not only of the soldiers in the Tower, but also of the bulls in the field surrounding it, the *padrone* took Captain Parish on shore in order that he might go round on foot and rejoin the boat below, after the search had been made.

They were both armed with sticks, lest the black bulls should attack them; but as the country round the Tower was one great morass they found it necessary to keep very close in to the Tower, and soon to throw away their sticks, fearing that the whiteness of them would attract attention. They were forced closer and closer to the Tower by the bog, which they were only able to cross on all fours. Captain Parish found that his shoes were almost sucked off his feet, and he put them instead on his hands to prevent his arms slipping in up to the elbows.

All of a sudden a black bull gave the alarm and a whole stampede of the herd attracted the notice of the sentries, whose figures were clearly visible on the parapet against the sky. This time Captain Parish lay still for half an hour till all was quiet, and then they both advanced again with redoubled caution. The oozing of the mud as they struggled through the bog was constantly disturbing the cattle, and the stooping position which they had to retain in order to escape observation from the Tower was most exhausting. Even after passing the Tower great caution was necessary for the next mile until they were clear of the guard-house beyond, and when at last they rejoined the boat, after the anxieties of their walk through the deep mud, both men were in a state of physical and mental exhaustion.

But now the worst was over, and in the evening their boat was abreast of Marseilles. For a short time a new and worse peril threatened. Beyond Toulon news reached them from another boat

of an Algerine cruiser which had the very day before, in that locality, captured a Genoese boat, and had the padrone's boat not been lucky enough to avoid her, Captain Parish would undoubtedly have shared the fate of the Genoese sailors—slavery for life. Several times they were pursued by privateers and had to make a dash for their liberty, and once or twice Captain Parish narrowly escaped detection while they were cooking and eating their meal on shore.

On Friday, the 22nd, they left the French coast behind them, to the great relief of the ex-prisoner, who was at last able, after a week's discomfort, to shave and wash.

At a place with a small mole, called St. Rheims, now well known as San Remo, he fell in with a Jacobin family, all wearing a tricolor cockade, whom he had met in Tarascon, and they mutually congratulated each other on their escape.

On the 27th they reached Savona, and Captain Parish, who was growing daily more impatient to reach his destination, set off on foot at eight in the morning and reached Genoa in ten hours.

Finding the English inn too crowded to take him in, he took a boat (after drinking a glass of rum-and-water, for which he had been longing these last six months) and rowed out to a brig commanded by a friend of his, Captain William Edwards. His friends were much astonished to see him, as they had last heard of him at Tarascon during his illness. The various acquaintances he found on board made him most welcome. Captain Edwards entertained him most hospitably, and his relief to be again among friends was very great. He stayed long enough to lodge a protest with the English Consul and to recover his trunk from the Genoese padrone, who turned up on May 20, and was much disgusted when Captain Parish gave him only twenty shillings more than the amount stipulated.

It was not till June 10 that he reached Leghorn by sailing boat from Genoa, and great was his delight at finding his former fellow-prisoner, Captain Edwards, in command of his own brig, the *Elizabeth*. He was warmly received by him, and, as before at Tarascon, Captain Edwards offered him his house to live in, as well as his ship, and their friendship was soon renewed under far pleasanter conditions.

From this time onwards Captain Parish seems to have had a less adventurous life. His career was a fairly prosperous one as captain of the ships *l'Aigle* and *Alfred*. In 1814 he became superintendent of the West India Docks, an appointment which he held for twenty-four years.

N. L. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.

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HUMANISTIC EDUCATION WITHOUT LATIN.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

THE late Master of Balliol is said to have replied, in answer to a youthful seeker after truth, that he never argued with young atheists or habitual drunkards. If he had survived until the present day, he might perhaps have added 'or with confirmed educationists.' One does not expect to convince, in writing about education, one only hopes to enlist, or to ensnare, immature opinion. Perhaps one's opponents may say that neither does one intend to be convinced. But I venture to claim that if I am to be found in the ranks of anti-classicists, it is not because I am an opponent of the classics. It would be, I believe, a very grave intellectual catastrophe if the study of Greek and Latin *by the right persons* were to be menaced in any way in this country. It is because I am convinced that these studies are not in the least in danger that I venture to protest against what I believe to be another grave intellectual disaster, namely, the study of the classics by the wrong persons, and their continued preponderance in education. I hold, in fact, that their compulsory retention endangers their possibilities of right use in the future more than anything else. Moreover, I have no sort of animus against the classics. If education could extend over a period of twenty years, from seven to twenty-seven, instead of about fifteen years from seven to twenty-two, I should not feel as strongly as I do about the intellectual tyranny which prevails. Just now the controversy is perhaps unusually acute, because the position of Greek as a compulsory fence to the older Universities is decidedly less secure than it was. By a little-regarded piece of legislation, the University of Cambridge has made it possible for passmen, when they have once got through the Little-go, never to do another word of Greek for their degree; and the farce of keeping a subject compulsory for the entrance of passmen to a University, without requiring it to be studied after entrance, cannot surely be much longer maintained. But now that the position of Greek has been rendered so insecure by the pressure of public opinion, the anxiety has spread to Latin. It will be remembered in the Acts of

the Apostles, Herod put St. James to death; 'and when he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also,' Peter is felt to be in danger !

The fact which underlies the whole matter is the question of time. My own view briefly is that, for a considerable number of boys Latin is of no use unless it be studied very thoroughly; and that to study it thoroughly demands more time than can be allotted to it in the curriculum. It upsets the balance of studies, for the simple reason that within the last fifty years conditions have changed. The introduction of modern studies into the curriculum has become inevitable; and my belief is that if those studies are to be pursued with any thoroughness there is not time for Latin to be studied too. I regard the classics as a difficult special subject, and I am now not speaking of classical specialists, of boys with literary and linguistic gifts, for whom I entirely desire the classics to be retained; but for the ordinary boy, conditions, as I said, have changed. The primary objects of education are two-fold—to acquaint the young with the responsibilities of citizenship, and to render them practically efficient in the battle of life. An education which does not begin by fulfilling these requirements is simply not an education at all. One desires then that boys should arrive at some comprehension of the conditions of modern life, and of their own place in the world; and to do this some knowledge of science, of history, of geography, and of modern languages and literature is essential; they must also be prepared to earn a living, and to do this a real working knowledge of their own language, of simple mathematics, and of at least one modern language is, to say the least, highly desirable. This is a heavy programme, and it is certainly not at the present time adequately carried out. More time, and relief from the pressure of too many subjects, are admittedly required. Relief can only be obtained by sacrificing subjects, unless we are to rest content with a mere smattering. The relief that would be gained by the frank sacrifice of Latin would be enormous; and looking at the amount of ground that needs to be covered, I cannot see that anything else can be sacrificed. There is clearly not time for everything, and if it is a choice between studying remote and ancient conditions of life, and studying living and breathing facts and problems, I frankly say, let the older go.

Now, to consider the case more in detail, the first reason for which a language ought to be studied is for the sake of its literature: it seems to me absurd, on that ground, to dispense

with Greek and to retain Latin. To put it briefly, the Greeks set their mark upon the world by their words, the Romans by their deeds. In the case of the Greeks, the important thing is to get in touch with their spirit and their ideas, and this can hardly be done except by a study of their literature. But the important thing to study in the case of the Romans is their political and military organisation, and their effect on history; and this can perfectly well be approached without studying their literature. Moreover, there is very little Latin literature which is suitable for the instruction of boys. Virgil, of course, holds a sovereign station among poets, but he is a difficult writer. Horace, with his crisp maxims, his good-humoured stoicism, his gentlemanly consolations for the troubles of life, has a remarkable affinity for the British mind, as the pages of Thackeray clearly show; but he cannot for a moment be ranked among the highest. Catullus is perhaps the greatest genius among Latin writers, but the body of his work suitable for youthful perusal is small. Ovid is a master of the art of verse which is literary rather than poetical. When we come to the prose-writers, we are worse off than ever. The charm of Livy as a romantic writer is great, but he is a very difficult author. Caesar is terribly dull. Cicero as an orator is forcible enough, but literary culture cannot be fed on oratory; and as a philosophical writer, he is the most relentless of twaddlers. If Latin prose is to be read by boys, it must be written by twentieth-century Englishmen, and there seems something artificial about that process. To recapitulate then, it can hardly be held that, if it is a question of literature, there is enough Latin literature of a high order to justify the devoting of so much time in the curriculum to the study of Latin. The reason must be sought elsewhere.

The second claim that is made for Latin is, that it is so severely logical and exact a language in structure and usage, that a training in Latin is equivalent to a training in logical sequence of thought and the accurate use of words; it is alleged that a boy who has been thoroughly trained in Latin has been trained in such a way as to make it an easy matter to acquire any other language, and to use his own language efficiently and effectively. This claim I believe to be built upon an obstinate fallacy. It may possibly hold good with a high order of intelligences, but the one thing that an average boy does not learn is the application of the principles of one subject to the medium of another. To grasp principles in such a way as to be able to apply them independently of the terms with which they

were primarily associated, means a very thorough grasp of those principles. It used to be said that Euclid taught boys logic; so it did in a sense, but it was only the logic of Euclid. The same sort of claim is constantly made for Latin prose. It may be true that, if a boy learned to construct sentences in Latin by expressing his own thoughts in Latin, he might be able to do the same in another language. That was the one advantage of the old system of Latin themes. But Latin prose is now only taught by a series of versions, and all that the average boy learns by doing Latin prose is to do Latin prose; and, as the results of examinations like the Little-go only too clearly prove, he learns even that accomplishment most inadequately. The method is partly to blame. Some gain might result from a process which consisted in fusing, so to speak, the meaning of a sentence or paragraph, and recasting it in a Latin form; but the ordinary boy does Latin prose, as a rule, like a mosaic; he finds the equivalent of a word in a dictionary, and puts it with as little alteration as he dares into his poor patch-work; and the result is not Latin but Latinised English. Neither does the translation of Latin into English necessarily produce much mental discipline, partly because the same sort of mosaic system is employed, and partly because of the horrible scholastic dialect which is used, that semi-Biblical semi-grammatical patois, only applied in England to the purpose of translating the classics, which uses such words as 'forsooth' and 'offspring,' and such phrases as 'it irks me,' and 'having waged war,' and 'there are who,' and 'meet to be warned.' I am not here decrying the practice of translation or of composition; but I do not think that the ordinary boy should attempt it except in one or, at the very most, two languages other than his own, and I believe that it is far more profitably done in languages where his vocabulary is larger and more flexible, where the whole atmosphere is more consonant with his own thought, and where the ideas and objects described are more familiar. How many boys, who have learnt Latin for several hours a week for ten years, could describe the most ordinary incident in grammatical or intelligible Latin? It may be urged that neither could they do it in French. But that is partly because much less time has been devoted to French, and still more because their time has been devoted to acquiring the elements of two languages, when they might have attained the mastery of one.

As to the claim that Latin trains a boy in logical thought and the use of his own language, I have made a careful study of this

point of late. I have done for some years the essay work of the history men of my college. As far as the use of English goes, I have no doubt at all that, apart from special aptitude, the men who have been educated on modern lines use English with more flexibility than the classical men. The latter seem to me to write as a rule in rather a stiff and crabbed style, traceable, I believe, to the habitual use of the infamous dialect to which I have already alluded. While, as for logical sequence of thought and the power of accumulating and arranging ideas, I can find very little marked difference, though my experience is that classically educated boys are slightly inferior. They ought, of course, if the claims made for the classics are to be substantiated, to be superior; but they have all alike done some Latin; and what strikes me about all alike is how little comprehension they have of anything like logical structure and the orderly sequence of simple thought; and I would add that most of them acquire it with considerable rapidity, when their attention is once directed to it. From which I am inclined to infer that our linguistic method does not greatly tend to the development of logical thought, for the simple reason that it is too mechanical, in the first place, and that, in the second place, the pressure of subjects degrades it all into elementary work, and defeats the possibility of expansion and progress. And this leads me to say that I believe that there is no greater fallacy than the claim which is made by classical teachers that, if the classical method does not tend to direct efficiency, it at least produces ultimate efficiency, by making of the mind a well-equipped instrument for the quick and accurate apprehension of any subject. How this claim is seriously persisted in, passes my comprehension. Very few classically educated boys have any real grasp even of the classics, and how the imperfect assimilation and faltering grasp of a subject, to which the best educational years of life have been sacrificed, is to produce swift intuition and unfaltering precision in subjects which have not been taught, I cannot see. It is like the consolation, so liberally applied by pious and inefficient persons to their own failures, that because success is not inconsistent with low morality, failure is therefore a proof of high-mindedness. The plain truth is that boys as a rule will only learn what they are taught; and failure in a difficult subject is not a guarantee that the process is equipping them for success in easier subjects, which they might have mastered if they had only been taught them sensibly and thoroughly.

The fact is that the classics afford an excellent and unsurpassed medium for training boys of linguistic and literary ability, whose work is to lie in the effective literary use of words; but we ought not to conclude that they are therefore a good medium for training boys who will never have to use language except for mechanical purposes, and who may possibly attain to some slight appreciation of literature, but will certainly never be able to practise it forensically or technically.

I now pass to a further point. It is claimed that Latin is a useful subject, because of the large share that it has in the substance of most of the European languages, including our own. It is maintained that a close acquaintance with Latin teaches boys the meaning and derivation of many words common to many modern languages. To this I would in the first place reply that if the object of it is to make the acquisition of modern languages easier, why not go direct at the ultimate object, instead of round a corner? After all, it may be interesting enough to know what the Latin originals of words may be, but it is not essential. A boy who knew French thoroughly would as easily perceive the cognate and corresponding words in other languages. And then, too, it is a complicated matter. Take the case of our own language; the fact that strikes one at once, in studying the connexion of English with Latin, is to what a large extent the Latin words have shifted their meaning. In fact it is a rule of thumb with most schoolmasters to insist that when boys begin to construe Latin they are on no account to use the corresponding word in English, because it so seldom does correspond. Not to multiply instances, a boy has to learn that *differeo* does not mean differ, and that *defero* does not mean defer, that *obtineo* does not mean obtain, and that *praevenio* does not mean prevent. No doubt it gives philosophical insight into the laws of language to see how these changes came about, but can we afford the time for such leisurely processes, when the world teems with knowledge of places, of events, of personalities, that must be acquired by any mind that is to be alert and effective? I should value the claim more highly, if classical teachers were equally insistent that boys should learn something of the other origins of our own complex language; but while it seems to be of vast importance that Latin derivations should be mastered, is it entirely unimportant that Anglo-Saxon elements should be acquired? How many boys are there—or men for that matter—who know that the words hail, heal, hale, whole, holy, not to speak

of such important words as halibut and halidom, have one and the same derivation? I have often heard classical teachers speak with disgust of erudite editions of English classics for school use which are loaded with similar information. Yet these are the very things that are thought to be valuable in classical study, and intellectually devastating when applied to our own literature. The real truth is that all these things might be taught in one subject, if the curriculum could be lightened, and taught so as to exercise and stimulate. But they cannot be taught all along the line. And the further truth which underlies all these attempts to maintain the present curriculum are little more than the desperate efforts of idealists to justify their idealism on practical grounds; whereas the sad conclusion that the impartial observer draws from the situation is, that, while the idealistic system has failed on practical grounds, it has not succeeded on idealistic grounds; and that between the five or six stools busily congregated for the 'leisurely sweet session' of the tender pupil, the victim collapses, as Humpty Dumpty collapsed, and no resuscitation of the fragments is possible.

In conclusion I would say that I do not think that the displacement of Latin from its position as an integral part of the curriculum has yet become quite a practical question. Latin will continue to hold its own for a time, but by virtue, I believe, of tradition and usage rather than by its own merits. The reasons that are held to justify its retention are cumulative rather than direct. Dr. Johnson said once, with stern common-sense, that no number of inadequate reasons ever constituted an adequate one, just as no number of rabbits could ever constitute a horse. And my own belief is that, while simplification continues to be the one crying necessity of the curriculum, no subject can be considered secure unless the reasons for its retention are very direct and obvious indeed. What is now needed is a well-thought-out and rational scheme for adjusting the rival claims of various subjects; but in framing it, the all-important axiom must be kept in view, that no scheme of education can be called truly humanistic that is not based upon development rather than upon tradition, and that does not rank the needs of the present and the possibilities of the future higher than the claims of the past, however august and venerable those claims may be.

* The substance of an address delivered at the meeting of the Modern Languages Association at Cambridge on January 8, 1910.

OWER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

BY JANE H. FINDLATER.

'NICHOLSON'S Orphanage and Training Home for Young Servants': you may visit it any day, inspect its spotless dormitories and classrooms, pry into its inmost workings, examine personally each of its fifty inmates; and yet be unable to find the slightest fault with anything.

Except—but here a very big except comes in—that a chill will creep round your heart at the thought of fifty young lives growing up in the terrible iron precision of the place. Not a tendril of individuality allowed to escape the shears of system; each little budding character relentlessly pruned down to the regulation shape and kept to it.

But no such sentimental reflections overcame good Mrs. Gilchrist, of Sandyhill Farm, in the county of Fife, when she arrived one day to interview Miss Martin, the matron of Nicholson's, about a young servant.

Mrs. Gilchrist had gone over the whole institution in company with the matron, and they had prosed, as such women will, on the to them exhaustless subject of domestic servants. In the classrooms she had been shown the fifty little orphans, all dressed alike in peculiarly hideous frocks of speckled brown and white cotton, with their hair dragged back from their foreheads by crop combs. When they stood up it was exactly as if a set of nine-pins had come to life, so precisely similar was each child to the other. The fifty were divided by age into different classes, so that even their height was in most cases identical—the younger girls in two classes, the older ones in three others, for the orphans ranged from four to fifteen, at which age they were supposed to go out into the world to seek their desperate little fortunes as best they might. They were equipped, it is true, with a good knowledge of household work, a fair education, and even an outfit of simple clothes—all these they had; but of love, the one thing that is most needful in a young life, they were cruelly destitute.

To return to our story. Mrs. Gilchrist had told Miss Martin

just what she wanted : ' A nice young general servant ; not perfection, Miss Martin, for you won't get it nowadays, but one I can make something of.' (Women of this type will quite invariably make this remark and agree upon it with portentous head-shakings, though it is much to be questioned whether perfection was at all easier to find in olden times than it is in the twentieth century.)

' No more you will,' Miss Martin agreed. ' I don't know one among all my girls that I could call perfect in her work.' (Poor mites, it would have been sad if they had been, at their age !)

' Well, as I say, I don't expect perfection ; but I must have a good worker, and I hate a lazy girl.'

Miss Martin dubitated, her thick underlip thrust out in an ugly expression of intense consideration. She was an excellent woman, kind and capable, made for the position she occupied—but the gods had denied her beauty.

' I wonder now would Divina Binning suit you ? ' she exclaimed suddenly.

' Tell me about her,' said Mrs. Gilchrist.

' Well, Divina's the oldest girl I have just now ; she's home from a place where she's been for a while. Divina's sixteen and more now, and a well-grown, healthy girl.'

' Why did she leave her place ? ' the intending mistress asked ; and again Miss Martin fell into her ugly grimace of deliberation.

' Well, I don't mind telling you that I took Divina away myself. The fact of the matter was, I found they were not very desirable people. They gave almost no wages either. I didn't mind that as a beginning, however ; no, it was other things I found out convinced me it wasn't the place I wanted for one of my girls, so I advised Divina to come back here for a week or two while I looked out another place for her, and she's here now. I have to be careful the sort of places I send my girls to.' The two women looked at each other and nodded sagely.

' Indeed you do. Well, what about Divina's work ? ' Mrs. Gilchrist said.

Miss Martin paused, apparently summing up the character of the absent Divina before she spoke.

' Divina can work when she likes, Mrs. Gilchrist. She's a good riser, a fair cook, and honest and respectable ; but she's careless—very. It wouldn't be right of me not to warn you of it. But there's one thing about Divina—everyone that has to do with her likes her. I like her myself, though I was never done reproving

her all the years she was here. She came to me a child of six, and so I've a good knowledge of her. Divina's full of faults; but I advise you to take her, Mrs. Gilchrist; you might get many worse.'

It was not a rose-coloured character-sketch, but it was an honest one. Mrs. Gilchrist finally asked to see the girl, and Miss Martin bustled off in search of her.

Divina appeared: one of the regulation Nicholson type, only taller; gowned in hideous speckled print, aproned in white, an image of decorum and tidiness. Her curly red hair had been remorselessly treated with a wet brush, which had almost managed to flatten it down—only her eyes defied all the powers of Nicholson's to change their congenital sparkle.

'This is Divina,' said Miss Martin, by way of effecting an introduction between mistress and maid. 'And, Divina, Mrs. Gilchrist here is wanting a general servant.'

Divina bobbed an old-fashioned courtesy, as she had been taught to do, and kept silence.

'I've a farm in Fife,' Mrs. Gilchrist said, 'and I think you may suit me for a general servant. There's not much work, for there's only myself in the house. You get good food, and can get early to bed if you like; but I like a girl that will rise early, and a willing girl, and one that can take a telling.'

'Yes, m'am,' said Divina.

'I think you're always willing to do your best, are you not, Divina?' said Miss Martin anxiously—it was like pressing a pair of reluctant lovers to come to the point.

'Yes, m'am,' said Divina again.

'And many a telling you've taken from me,' said Miss Martin, with a smile that roused an answering sparkle in Divina's eyes, while she made answer once more:

'Oh, yes, m'am.'

'Well, then, Divina, I think you may suit me quite well,' said Mrs. Gilchrist. 'Do you wish to try the place?'

'Yes, m'am, thank you; I'd like to try the place, please.'

Thus the bargain was come to, and then Miss Martin and Mrs. Gilchrist fell to discussing the question of wages. Finally Divina was engaged to go to Sandyhill Farm on the first of the following month at the rate of one pound a month.

'And you may count yourself a very fortunate girl,' Miss Martin told her, 'to get a good place, a kind mistress, and twelve pounds

a year. You couldn't get a better start in life ; see that you make the best of it ; it's not every girl who is so lucky.'

Divina was quite of the same opinion, and set off blithely to seek her fortunes in the kingdom of Fife.

In the next six months Divina made about as many mistakes as it would have been possible for one girl to make in the given time ; yet, strange to say, at the end of these six months, Mrs. Gilchrist decided to ask her to stay on for the summer. There was certainly ' something,' as Miss Martin had said, about Divina which made one like her in spite of countless faults. She was so intensely willing, so impetuously obliging, that, although these qualities often led her into the most provoking mistakes, it was impossible to be angry with her for more than a minute. ' I must try to make something out of her yet,' Mrs. Gilchrist thought. The fine, caller air of Fife, the healthy work, and the good food she got were in the meantime making something of Divina physically. She was developing into a very pretty young woman indeed, rather to the dismay of her mistress, who had a slight distrust of too much beauty. ' She'll need looking after,' the good woman thought ; ' there are so many lads about the place.' Divina, therefore, had a tolerably strict watch kept upon her—a watch she did not resent in the least ; it was as nothing compared with the stringent discipline of Nicholson's. The girl went about her work gaily, singing, as she scrubbed the floor or peeled potatoes, in a shrill soprano voice that made Mrs. Gilchrist clap her hands to her ears and command her to be silent. Then Divina would chirp out ' Oh, I'm sorry, m'am ' in the most pleasant way, but ten minutes later would be at it again. One might as well have commanded a canary in a sunny room to be mute.

Still, whenever Mrs. Gilchrist thought of sending Divina away, it seemed as if the house would be intolerably dull without her ; so she decided to keep the girl and put up with her many shortcomings for the sake of her pleasant nature.

' Are you willing to stay on here, Divina ? ' she asked her one morning.

' Yes, m'am, quite willant,' said Divina, who had retained some of her native idioms in spite of all the educational advantages of Nicholson's ; ' I like fine to be here.'

' I'm glad of that ; I thought you were looking well and bright lately,' said Mrs. Gilchrist, rather flattered, naturally, to find that

her place was considered such a happy one. Divina grinned, and fell to work scrubbing the kitchen table with great energy.

'I'm sure it's a comfort to see a girl so contented in these days,' said Mrs. Gilchrist; 'most of them fly from one situation to another every six months in search of excitement. I'm glad to see you have more sense.' Had she known the true reason of Divina's present contentment, her mind might not have been quite so easy; happily for herself, however, she was not omniscient, and the girl kept her own counsel. This was the secret, such as it was:

One fine evening, some weeks before, Divina had been sent across the yard to the dairy for a jug of cream. She carried in her hand Mrs. Gilchrist's most precious old china cream jug—a manifestly absurd thing to do. As she crossed the yard, John Thompson the ploughman came through the gate, leading his horses to the water-trough.

John was a handsome, well set up man, but of a taciturn, unfriendly nature, very unlike that of our young friend Divina. With a nod and a smile she passed the time of day with him, but John gave only the most surly response, and tramped on across the yard, the great, thirsty horses hastening their laggard steps as they smelt the water.

Divina was angry; what had she done to be treated like this? All her budding feminine instincts were roused to life; she determined that John must be the captive of her bow and spear. But in her anger she did not look where she was going, and stumbled on the step at the dairy door. The jug fell from her hand and cracked across on the stones. For a moment Divina stood perfectly still, gazing at the broken jug; then she sat down and burst into tears. Her simple grief over what she had done would have melted a heart of stone, and John, turning to see what was the matter, left his horses at the trough and came across to where she sat weeping among the fragments of broken china.

'It's the best chiny—the very best,' she sobbed. 'And Mrs. Grant from the Mains coming over for her tea and all.' She wept aloud.

Even John was melted to pity, and sought for some consolation to offer her.

'The mistress 'll no' be hard on a bonnie lassie like you,' he assured her, taking certainly the surest way he could have taken to erase all thought of her fault from Divina's mind. It was the

first time in her life that she had heard herself called *bonnie*—no wonder the sudden compliment went to her head like wine. Of course her chief thought from that time onward was to make herself look *bonnier* still in the eyes of the man who had first apprised her of the fact of her own good looks.

Like a smouldering fire that will suddenly leap up into flame, all the dormant vanity of Divina's nature sprang to life. She examined her face in the tiny square of cheap looking-glass which served her for a mirror, and began to see latent possibilities in herself. Not every girl had such fine curly hair: that was one thing certain; she had heaps of it if it wasn't brushed back flat with a wet brush. Then Divina realised with a throb of delight that she was now a free agent—no longer under the yoke of Nicholson's, so why should she not do her hair as she chose? She shook out the tumble of curly red hair and began to adjust it on more fashionable lines. In church last Sunday she had noticed that all the young women in the choir had their hair frizzed out to the sides; hers would now be the same. A few minutes had changed the unimpeachable Nicholson plaits into something that nearly resembled the head-dress of a savage queen. On this erection Divina pinned her cap, and then, feeling a little conscious but on the whole very proud of her appearance, she went down to the kitchen. Alas! Mrs. Gilchrist pounced upon her in a moment.

'Whatever do you mean coming down with your hair like that, Divina?' she said quite sharply. 'Go upstairs at once and put it right.'

'Please, m'am, I saw the girls in the choir,' Divina said, a note of pleading in her voice, putting up both her hands to her head as if to protect it from injury.

'Yes, of course; silly things that should know better. They're a sight to be seen, with their hats and their chinongs,' said Mrs. Gilchrist pitilessly. She had not the imagination that was necessary to divine the universal note which underlies even the most grotesque efforts at fashionable dressing. She did not see that one of the great primitive instincts prompts it; something 'not to be put by,' like that Presence of which the poet sings. Failing to see this note of universality in Divina's striving after fashion, Mrs. Gilchrist saw only individual silliness in it; she decided to check this in the bud. But being a kind and sensible woman, she reasoned with the girl about it only, instead of giving her harsh commands.

'Believe me, Divina, a girl just spoils herself by aping unsuitable fashions. They're silly enough for ladies who can sit all day doing nothing, but they're downright folly for girls that have to work; look at the coal-dust and carpet-sweepings you'll get into your hair if you wear it all frizzed that way like a mop! If you're a sensible girl, you'll go upstairs and smooth it out again.'

Divina's eyes filled with tears; she had liked her own appearance so much with puffed-out hair. She hesitated for a moment, almost meditating rebellion, then slowly turned away, mounted the stair to her room, and with great difficulty subdued the Zulu head-dress to smaller proportions. 'I'll no' make it *quite* flat,' she said to herself, pulling out a becoming little ripple under the frill of her cap. Its appearance comforted her, and she gazed at herself again with some complacency. 'I wonder would Mrs. Gilchrist no' like me in a pink wrapper?' she mused; the hideous speckled brown and white Nicholson fabric, with its horrible wear-resisting qualities, was fit only for ugly girls. She, whom John the ploughman called bonnie, should wear pink print. Divina held a pink flannelette duster under her chin at this point, and thought the effect was exquisite. Then she descended once more to the kitchen.

'There, now, Divina, you look more like yourself,' said Mrs. Gilchrist heartily. 'And I must say you're a good-natured girl as ever lived. I've known some that would have been disagreeable over less.'

Divina laughed in her pleasant way, and no more was said about the matter. But the incident had set Mrs. Gilchrist thinking. Without any doubt Divina was growing up rapidly; she looked almost a woman now, and these first dawnings of vanity would be sure to develop, and then there would be all manner of love affairs to contend with . . . the girl was certainly pretty, and was just beginning to find it out, and no doubt the young men about the farm would begin to pay their addresses to her ere long. . .

'Dear me, I wish I'd engaged that cross old body Mrs. Grant recommended; it wouldn't have given me all this responsibility,' the good creature thought.

But all unconscious of the anxiety she was giving her mistress, Divina advanced gaily upon life; it had absolutely no terrors for her, and just now seemed very bright indeed. For she had begun to lay siege to the reluctant heart of John Thompson, and found this the greatest fun possible. John was so silent, so unapproach-

able, that the element of sport was not wanting in her attempted conquest.

Divina cared not a rap about the man, she only wanted to have him admire her, and was determined that he should do so.

Under the stern eye of Mrs. Gilchrist it was not easy to have many interviews with John, but it is wonderful what determination will do in these affairs. Divina seemed generally to be at the back door as John came across the yard, and she always had a smile and a word for him: once or twice she even managed to extract a slow smile from John, and that was a great achievement. He was a curious man, dour and difficult, the product of a Scotland that is almost extinct in these degenerate but happier days. His whole view of life was joyless and stern; he 'kept himself to himself,' the neighbours said, and in all his thirty years had never been known to pay his addresses to any woman. Indeed, there was an almost aristocratic aloofness in the man: he would not associate with any of the village people. Alone he lived with his old mother, going and coming to his work with the regularity of a machine, toiling early and late, with apparently no thought of amusement or relaxation of any kind. A strange target this for Divina to aim at with her careless arrows!

It is well known that fortune favours the brave, so this must have been why Divina was sent along one afternoon with a message from her mistress to old Mrs. Thompson. Always glad of a diversion from the routine of her work, Divina was doubly pleased to have this opportunity of seeing John's house and John's mother. She would have liked to change into her Sunday merino, but Mrs. Gilchrist's command to 'go as she was' could not be disobeyed, and, accordingly, Divina stepped across the field in her demure speckled print gown, her white apron, and little cap, as prim as a young Quaker.

The cottage door stood open, for the day was warm, and looking in Divina could see that John and his mother sat at tea in the kitchen. John rose at the sound of her knock and came to the door, silent, but, as Divina was quick to notice, with a lurking smile on his lips.

'Come in bye,' he said, curtly, standing aside to let her pass in, for his great figure almost filled up the doorway.

'Oh, I'll not be comin' in the day, thank you,' said Divina, primly, though she was dying to enter the house. 'The mistress sent me over wi' a message for Mrs. Thompson.'

'Come in bye, lassie; what for are ye standin' there?' called the old woman insistently from the kitchen. Divina hesitated, relented, and then found herself in the cottage at last.

'The mistress says, could ye kindly spare her a pair o' ducklings, Mrs. Thompson, please; she's wishful to keep hers for the market, and she's expectin' friends to their dinner come Friday?' Divina said, repeating off her message as a child says its school lesson.

The old woman, however, did not apparently wish to be hurried into this bargain.

'Sit ye doon, sit ye doon till I think, lassie; it's no' easy to say a' at aince. Ye'll hae a cup o' tea wi' us?' She looked sharply at the girl as she spoke; but Divina, with down-dropped eyelids, made the most modest reply:

'Thank ye kindly, Mrs. Thompson, but we're thrang at the farm the day. I'll not stop the day, thank ye.'

'Hoots, a cup'll no' hinder ye long,' said John suddenly. He drew forward a chair for Divina, and reached across to the dresser for another cup and plate. It was impossible to refuse such pressing hospitality, and Divina accepted the chair and the tea without any farther show of reluctance.

She might not have been so willing to do so if she had realised the intense scrutiny she was undergoing from the eyes of Mrs. Thompson. Every woman undergoes it from the mother of the man who has the temerity to let his admiration be evident—under heaven there is no searchlight to equal that maternal eye.

But, all unconscious of this, Divina sipped her tea and made herself most agreeable, answering the old woman's questions quite frankly.

'Yes, she had been trained at Nicholson's; yes, you got a fine training there; no, her parents were both dead; yes, she was very happy at the farm; no, she didn't find the work heavy.' . . . So the catechism ran. John had finished his tea, lighted his pipe, and now puffed silently at it, listening attentively to everything that passed between Divina and his mother. What it was that attracted him in the girl he scarcely knew. It wasn't altogether her pretty face, John rather despised these allurements; nor altogether her way of making a man laugh in spite of himself. No, he thought it must be something in the way she had been brought up. She seemed to have none of the nonsense of most girls: just look at

her, how sensible-like she was, always tidy and quiet in her dark print and her white apron ! Perhaps, though John did not admit it to himself, some hidden instinct of chivalry also moved deep down in his heart ; the girl was young and unprotected, without father or mother, kith or kin of her own. She needed a man to care for her if ever a woman did.

But John was horribly prudent, nothing was farther from his thoughts than any hasty revelation of his feelings ; he decided to wait and see more of Divina.

In order to do this satisfactorily, however, it would be necessary to take one decided step : he must ask her to walk out with him. In this way only could he see more of Divina, and without knowing her better John could not make up his mind to make her an offer of marriage.

All this and more passed through his thoughts as Divina sat there drinking her tea and talking with his mother. Finally, when she rose to go, John offered to go as far as the farm with her : ' It was time to see to his horses,' he said. But Divina knew better.

They set off together across the field, walking slowly by a little footpath that led through the now yellowing corn, John very silent, Divina very talkative, till they reached the stile leading over into the farmyard. Here they came to a standstill, and John became aware that the awful moment for speech had arrived.

' Yer oot on Sundays whiles ? ' he asked bluntly. ' What would ye say if I cam wi' ye ? '

Divina had been expecting this advance, yet she feigned surprise and even hesitation. ' It was very kind,' she said, ' but then she went to the minister's Bible-class on Sunday afternoons.' . . .

' What o' that ? Yer no' at the class a' the afternoon ? '

' No more I am,' Divina admitted.

' Weel, then, I'll be at the cross-roads at five,' said John with great finality, giving Divina no time to hesitate more, for he leaped over the stile and went off to the stable without waiting to hear another word that she might have to say.

As for Divina, she was in a state bordering on ecstasy. For unnumbered Sabbaths now she had trudged along the dismal Fifeshire roads, high-walled and dusty, to attend the Bible-class which Mrs. Gilchrist fondly hoped would be for her soul's good. And on the way, how many loitering couples she had met—couples who seemed contented with all things here below, while she, sorely

against her will, went on her unattended way to Mr. Ferguson's Bible-class !

Now everything was to be changed. No more would she take her dismal unattended trudge, but in company with John, the best-looking young man in the village, would proudly loiter along like other girls. That John should be her cavalier was a special joy, he who was known to be impervious to all female charms, that he had capitulated to hers. This was a triumph worth having ! Divina hurried back to her work, smiling and demure, but with a kindling eye.

Sunday, of course, was wet. Such red-letter days in a girl's calendar often are ; and Mrs. Gilchrist did not suppose that Divina would be anxious to go out.

'You're better quietly in the house with your book,' she told the girl. 'I've a nice set of addresses written for the Young Women's Christian Association I'll lend you to read.' But to her surprise this alluring offer did not seem to tempt Divina ; the pages of the book of life were in truth what she longed to turn that afternoon, if Mrs. Gilchrist had only known !

'Oh, m'am, I don't mind the rain. I'm sweir to give up the class. I wasn't at the church either the day,' said Divina eagerly.

'I'm sure I'm glad you are so thoughtful,' said her mistress, innocent soul that she was. 'Well, see that you put on your thick boots and your waterproof. Mr. Ferguson will be very pleased to see you make the effort to go in all this rain.'

Divina laughed in her sleeve. She was not in the least a hypocritical girl, but youth is youth, and nothing on earth will ever alter that fact. She was dull, and saw a prospect of amusing herself. You cannot blame the child.

So, Bible in hand, Divina sped along the muddy roads towards the Manse. Never had the way seemed shorter ; but, alas, never had good Mr. Ferguson's exhortations seemed longer. Again and again Divina's eyes sought the clock : a quarter to four ; four ; a quarter past four ; half past four ; the hands stole along, and the minister's patient old voice droned on, explaining the journeys of St. Paul.

Of what significance, alas ! was one word that she heard to Divina, who sat there watching the hands of the clock and thinking about John the ploughman ? As well might the minister have spoken to the wind : it would have paid as much heed to his teachings.

This was to be a day of triumph to Divina, for as she came out of the Manse gate, along with a little band of her fellow class-mates, she saw John waiting for her under the shelter of the trees at the church door. Here, indeed, was an open declaration in the face of the world ! The girls nudged each other and giggled, asking in whispers who John Thompson was after (Far from their thoughts already were the journeys of St. Paul !), and Divina, knowing the answer to their question, fell behind so that John might have no difficulty in distinguishing her from among the group.

Who can tell the throb of gratified vanity that her young heart gave as John came forward and joined her ? The other girls looked back at them and laughed loudly ; but John minded them not a whit.

' We'll gang roond by the ither road,' was all the comment he made upon their laughter.

Divina was in a twitter of excitement ; but if she expected that John would put his arm round her waist and kiss her, she was much mistaken. John was far too prudent to commit himself in any such way. What he did do, was to saunter along in the pouring rain (apparently quite oblivious to it, as any self-respecting ploughman should be) while he talked gravely to Divina about Mr. Ferguson's Bible-class. Divina would have preferred almost any other subject ; but she had enough of tact to allow her adorer to choose his own topics of conversation.

John was incurably theological, with that deep, worrying, questioning mind that belongs more inherently to a certain type of Scot than to the native of any other country under the wide arch of heaven. He could not keep off religious subjects—they fascinated him as horses and cards fascinate some men. His sombre imagination played round the problems of this bewildering world of ours unceasingly.

And here he seemed to be going to choose Divina for his life's partner—Divina, careless as the wind, and unthinking as a kitten : in truth the attraction of opposites. She did not in any way try to deceive him ; but she certainly tried hard to please him. The method she adopted was a very old one, but one which is in most cases entirely efficacious—she merely listened with rapt attention to every word that fell from the man's lips, and said little herself.

When the walk came to an end therefore, John was under the impression that Divina and he were absolutely one in thought, so cleverly had she listened, so little had she said, so much had she

looked. He might have been a little hurt and surprised if he had stood beside Divina in the farm porch while she shook out her wet umbrella. For, with a great sigh of mingled relief and disappointment, she exclaimed to herself :

"Losh me, is yon courtin' ?"

This was only the first of many walks. Mrs. Gilchrist, of course, found out very soon that Divina and John were 'keeping company,' and though a little sorry that the girl should begin to think of matrimony so early, she was thankful that such an exemplary young man should be her choice.

'You're far too young to marry yet, Divina,' she told her; 'John must wait a year or two for you, then you can lay by some money, and you'll have learned many a thing before then.'

'Oh, I'm no' thinkin' about gettin' married, m'am,' said Divina, 'I'm only walkin' out with John.'

'Well, I'm sure I don't understand you girls,' said the older woman. 'What does walking out with a man mean, but just that you're thinking of marrying him? It's nonsense to speak that way, Divina, and I hope you're not trifling with John?'

'No' me, m'am—maybe John's triffin' wi' me,' said Divina, laughing.

She laughed; but there was in reality a nip of truth in her words, for in spite of all their walking and talking, John had never yet made her a definite offer of marriage. This fact Divina could not hide from herself, nor could she deny that such an offer would be extremely gratifying to her vanity.

'I'm no quite sure that I'll tak him,' she said to herself, judicially weighing the situation; 'but I'd like him to offer.'

Things then were in this parlous condition, when Divina had a sudden inspiration, and set to work to carry it out at once. John must somehow or other be brought to the point: her vanity could not bear his silence any longer—speak he must. Having come to this decision, Divina began to act upon it.

'If you please, m'am,' she said one day, 'I'm wantin' to go to Edinbury if you don't objec'.'

'To Edinburgh, Divina? Have you friends to see there, or what is it?'

'No, m'am; it's things I want to buy.'

'Why, Divina, haven't you all you need? I'm sure your things are all very good.'

'I want a hat,' said the girl.

'The one you have is quite neat and nice—what would you be spending your money on a new one for?' Mrs. Gilchrist remonstrated. 'Especially if you think of getting married some day, Divina, you should be laying by for that.'

'Oh, I'm not thinkin' o' it,' Divina said evasively. 'But, if you please m'am, I'd like the day in Edinbury.'

'Well, of course you can have it—but, Divina, do you know your way about the town, and what shops to go to and all?'

'I'll manage fine,' said the girl. 'There's a shop they call Lyons—I've heard tell of it.'

'Yes, its a good shop; but when you go there, be sure you know what you want, for you'll be so confused by the number of things they offer you, that as likely as not you'll end by buying what you don't want.'

Unfortunately for herself, Divina had a great deal of self-confidence; she did not believe these words of wisdom in the least.

'I know fine what I'm to buy,' she assured Mrs. Gilchrist, who, with the wisdom of age, shook her head over this announcement.

'I suppose girls will never learn except by experience,' she said, 'but let me give you one bit of advice—beware of bargains—there's not such a thing as a bargain. When a shopman tells you he's giving you one, he's really getting rid of the goods for some reason or other—I've found that out long ago.'

Divina listened, of course; but she was quite sure that she knew better. Had she not been reading the advertisements in the *Weekly Scotsman*? That powerful organ of public opinion surely knew more than Mrs. Gilchrist, and it spoke of 'Phenomenal Bargains'; of 'Things going under cost price'; of 'Summer hats being given away.' Certainly, if this was the case, she would easily get what she wanted! It was arranged, therefore, that Divina should go to Edinburgh on Friday for her day of shopping. Bright visions of hats visited her pillow all the night before. In dreams she saw an endless perspective of pegs, hung with hats of every shape and shade, and she, with the exhaustless purse of the fable, strayed among them buying, buying, buying. . . .

Divina, you must remember, looked upon herself by this time almost in the light of a capitalist. In the six months since she came to Sandyhill Farm, she had been able to lay by five dirty one-pound notes, and this, almost the first money she had earned, seemed to her an enormous sum, with illimitable spending capacities.

Divina had none of the spirit of the miser in her—she thought that money was there to be spent, *not to be hoarded*—a philosophy that has a good deal of sound sense in it.

On her way to the station on Friday morning, Divina had the good luck to meet John going to his work. He stopped to ask her where she was off to?

‘To Edinbury, for the day,’ she answered, her face glowing with soap and pleasure. ‘I’ve things to buy.’

‘Yer lucky that have siller tae buy wi’,’ said John grimly. ‘It tak’s a man all his time to live these days—let alone buyin’.’

Divina laughed gaily, and assured him he had risen on the wrong side that morning, to be taking such dark views of life. Then she hurried on to the station, and John stood looking after her admiringly.

‘She’s a sight for sair e’en—none of the fal-lalls some lassies wear—yon’s a sensible bit thing, would make a man a good wife,’ he meditated as he plodded on to his work. His thoughts were full of the trim little figure that had flitted across his path: ‘None o’ your dressed up huzzies for me,’ he added aloud.

Those who have had occasion to go a-shopping in Edinburgh must have observed that pleasant note of intimacy which prevails in most of the shops. Trading is here carried on under genial conditions; and, except where the intolerable ‘young lady’ from London has intruded, the saleswomen take an almost passionate personal interest in their customers.

Impossible to convey the welcoming intonation of the Edinburgh saleswoman as she presses her wares: ‘This now I can really recommend, for I’ve tried it myself—it’ll be the verra thing yer wantin’; or stop a minit, I’ve a cheaper line I’d like to show you—no, it’s no trouble at all. . . . now, to my mind that becomes ye better than the dearer one.’ . . . Surely in no other known capital do the sales people so earnestly consider how to spare the purses of their clients. But this may be only a deeper depth of subtilty, for it is so disarming that the purse-strings fly open before it in a wonderful way.

When Divina then entered that genial emporium known as Lyons, she was immediately made welcome by one of these redoubtable saleswomen. Our heroine scarcely needed to voice her wants, they were understood almost without speech on her part by this omniscient creature.

'I perfectly understand : what you're wantin' is a dressy hat that'll look well at the church and yet do fine for your afternoon out. Yes, we've got just the thing here—but maybe that's too dear—it's nonsense spending *too much* on a hat, I always say, that'll be out of fashion next year. Here's another exactly half the price—its real stylish too—I sold one to an officer's daughter half an hour ago. I believe it's the very thing for you. Just you try it on, please—let me put it on for you—a wee bit to the one side—that's it—now, if you ask me, I think that's the exact thing you've been looking for. Its a cheap hat for the money, really—the feather's a beauty.'

Thus cajoled, Divina assumed the hat, and then gazed at her own reflection in the glass and wondered at the awful power of dress. For this hat had transformed her in one moment from a Nicholson girl into a fine lady—or so she fondly imagined. It was a gigantic structure of emerald green velvet, turned up sweepingly at one side. A long white ostrich (whalebone) feather depended from it, and fell bewitchingly across her shoulder.

'Take a look at yourself in the hand-glass,' the saleswoman recommended.

Divina did not understand the uses of the hand-glass, but these were quickly explained to her : the back view proved even more striking than the front had been, Divina drew in a long breath.

'What's the price?' she asked.

'Fifteen and six—very cheap that for the style,' said the woman.

Divina had never heard of anyone paying 15s. 6d. for a hat—the idea took her breath away. She looked again at herself and hesitated—then suddenly made up her mind.

'I'll tak' it,' she said curtly.

'Very good ; then where'll I send it to ? the saleswoman asked, licking her pencil.

'I'll tak' it ; it won't be ill to carry,' said Divina.

'Not a bit. I'll put it up in a nice box for you—and now what's the next thing ?' was the brisk reply.

Divina put her finger into the corner of her mouth, a childish habit she still retained when in doubt.

'I'm wantin' a dress,' she said a little shyly. Again her wants were comprehended almost before they had been spoken.

'That'll be in the next department—but I'll come through with you and bring the hat—it'll be better for you to see them together ; just come this way, please.'

Divina stepped 'through' into the enchanted region of the ready-made costumes ; it was her dream come true—pegs and pegs and pegs hung with wonderful garments, and she wandering among them, purse in hand. The genial saleswoman escorted her until they met another lady of the warehouse.

'Here's Miss Campbell,' she said, as if there was but one Miss Campbell in the world, then addressing the other woman : 'Where are these nice serge costumes' (the emphasis was, of course, on the last syllable—'costumes') 'you were showing me yesterday ? This young lady wants one to go with this hat—a bit of trimming on it, and good value for her money, see what you can do for her.'

The two had got Divina now ; she was clay in their hands. The serge costumes with bits of trimming were quickly produced, and it was then evident that Divina had set her heart's affections on a rather bright shade of green to suit the hat. Her choice was applauded by the two saleswomen : 'It's the one I would have chosen myself,' said Divina's first friend ; 'I'm glad you're to have that—well, now you're suited, I'll leave you with Miss Campbell,' and she swept away.

Divina found herself thus committed to pay £2 10s. for the costume, and her conscience began to prick ; but the redoubtable Miss Campbell had decided that her victim was to make still farther purchases.

'I call that a very nice, showy costume,' she said, holding it out temptingly ; 'but what blouse are you to wear with it ? We've a very cheap line of white silk ones here would look well with this green.' She swept Divina along to another counter where blouses of all degrees of vulgarity were displayed : 'It's really difficult to choose where they're all so choice,' she said.

But Divina had a wonderfully quick eye for what she admired—in two minutes she had singled out a particularly showy trifle made up almost entirely of cheap lace medallions and sarsenet.

'This'll be very dear, isn't it ?' she asked longingly.

'Dear ? Oh no, I call that quite a bargain—and I daresay I could let it down a shilling to meet your price : we're selling off this line at five eleven three. Let me think now—I daresay I might let you have it at four eleven three, if that would suit, and there's a bargain for you.'

'Four eleven three ?' Divina interrogated, not having yet caught up the lingo of the cheap shop. Miss Campbell smiled,

and explained the enormous reduction that the term conveyed, so, of course, Divina bought the blouse.

'These make a nice finish to a costume,' the temptress remarked casually, as they passed along where a bunch of feather boas waved in the draught from the staircase. Mental arithmetic had been tolerably well taught at Nicholson's, so Divina was quite aware that she had already spent the tremendous sum of £3 10s. 5½d.; yet pass these boas she could not. She was as awfully in their toils as if they had been the monsters they derived their name from. There was in Divina some of the reckless spirit of the true dissipator—she would have a good spend while she was at it.

'What'll they be?' she asked firmly.

'Oh, they're a cheap line too—six eleven three these: how would you like this white coque? it's real showy.'

Divina laid down her six eleven three like a man, and received a farthing's worth of pins to salve her conscience and make her believe that the boa too had been cheap. Miss Campbell was now carrying the hat in one hand, the costume over one arm, the blouse laid across it, and now she whisked up the boa and carried off the whole lot in triumph to the fitting-room where Divina was to try on the dress. Fitting was rather too precise a word for the perfunctory tug here and ruck there that were given to the jacket; but Divina was assured that it would be 'quite all right' and that Miss Campbell 'saw what it wanted' exactly.

Divina would have liked to carry away all these beautiful purchases with her; but this, of course, was impossible, so she had to content herself with the assurance that the parcels would meet her at the station in the evening. Then feeling wonderfully rich (for was she not the possessor of all these splendid garments?), yet strangely poor (because her purse was half empty), Divina took a walk along Princes Street, ate a bun and drank a cup of tea in a confectioner's, and got to the station an hour too soon. There she looked out anxiously for the messenger from Lyons, fearing terribly that he would be late for the Fife train. When at last he came in sight, laden with big cardboard boxes, Divina nearly clapped her hands for joy. She bundled the boxes into the carriage, and waited impatiently for the train to start, that she might take a peep into them. Then prudence forbade this—prudence and the thought that the parcels had to be conveyed along the mile of road between the station and Sandyhill Farm. She contented herself with breaking a corner off the lid of the hat-box

that she might get one glimpse of the emerald velvet hat. How beautiful it was ! and how it would ' become her ! ' Divina laughed aloud in the empty carriage.

' He'll speak this week,' she said gleefully.

Sunday dawned without a cloud. All round and round the great arch of sky was brilliantly blue, smiling down upon the green earth and the valleys thick with corn. Could death and grief reign in this splendid world that seemed quick only with life and joy ? . . .

Divina certainly was finding it a joyous place. Her light Sunday duties were over, and now at three o'clock, she was free to don her new clothes.

Of course she had already held a hurried dress-rehearsal late at night by the flickering light of a candle ; but that had scarcely counted. Now in the full blaze of day, with her door securely locked against intrusion, Divina began her toilet. It was a tremendous occasion—how tremendous you will only be able to realise when you remember the repressive influences under which the girl had been brought up, and the great natural law that was working now in her young nature like a ferment.

First of all, Divina arranged her curly locks in a huge halo round her face, as she had done once before. Then she put on her skirt and blouse, but was rather perplexed by the discovery that the blouse was transparent and showed her tidy pink flannelette under-bodice almost down to the waist. Could this be right ? ' Transparencies are all the rage,' Miss Campbell had said when showing her the garment—this must have been what she meant ; but why display one's underclothing ? Divina pondered the question, then compromised by pinning a clean pocket-handkerchief across her bosom—that seemed better, and she went on with her toilet. The length of the skirt was rather dismaying to one who knew nothing of the art of lifting a skirt elegantly ; Divina tried to grasp it in each hand alternately, then gathered it all up in one immense bunch to one side, and wondered how it would be possible to walk when so hampered. The coat was too big ; it was also badly cut ; but its owner was mercifully unaware of these deficiencies—she thought it perfect.

Divina then crowned her brows with the great green hat which sat more jauntily than before upon her puffed-out hair. Last of all, she flung the white coque boa round her shoulders, and fell

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back from the glass to gaze at her own reflection with a feeling that was akin to awe. The Nicholson orphan had completely disappeared—'gone as if never she had breathed or been,' as Christina Rossetti sings, and in the orphan's place stood a vision of fashion, dazzling to the eye of the beholder.

'My word but I'm braw!' Divina cried, pirouetting before the glass, moving it up and down in a vain effort to get a full length view of herself in its six-inch surface. She felt a little shy at the thought of facing people in such an altered guise; but it was a proud shyness—surely everyone must see that the change was for the better? Yet a lurking fear oppressed her, 'I wonder would Mrs. Gilchrist like them,' she thought—'them' being, of course, the new clothes. Mrs. Gilchrist, however, was comfortably asleep behind the pages of the *British Weekly* in the parlour, so Divina was able to slip down stairs and get across the yard unobserved. Out upon the high road she was safe, but Divina had now to learn the truth of that severe little proverb 'Pride must suffer pain.'

For it was a windy afternoon, and her great hat swayed perilously on her head, secured only by one pin. Before she had gone many yards the hat blew off altogether. Divina clutched at her new treasure, pinned it on again—awry—struggling at the same time with her unfamiliar long skirt. For a few minutes she felt perfectly desperate, then coming to a more sheltered bit of road, she stood still and endeavoured to get herself more in hand. The hat was skewered on squintly but firmly, she gathered up her skirt in an iron grip, rearranged the ruffled plumage of the boa, and then walked slowly on towards the cross-roads, her usual trysting-place with John.

This fight with fashion and the elements had made Divina a little later than usual, and as she drew near the cross-roads she saw that John was coming to meet her.

'Eh me, what'll he say?—he'll be a prood man the day!' thought Divina, strutting along exactly like a peacock. She even let go her grasp of the skirt, and let it trail behind her in the dust.

John came nearer and nearer, yet made no sign of recognition. At last, as they came actually face to face with each other, he halted, staring at her in a bewildered way.

'This is a real fine afternoon,' said Divina simpering, by way of opening conversation. But still John uttered not a word. It is true that he took his pipe from his mouth as if preparing for speech, yet no words came from his lips. He simply stood there and gazed

at Divina, with a long, disgusted, contemptuous stare. Then very deliberately he turned away and walked off in the opposite direction, without having exchanged a single word with Divina. She, stupid girl that she was, did not take in the situation—or refused, perhaps, to admit it to herself. A wave of colour rushed over her face at this ‘affront’ that had been ‘put upon her’; then she decided that it must be a mistake.

‘Hi, John! it’s me—d’ye no’ recognise me?’ she called after him. He halted at the sound of her voice and looked round. Divina came towards him, she stood close beside him, her face flushed with vexation under the great green hat.

‘Did ye no’ ken me?’ she asked again. His answer came slow and unmistakeable:

‘Fine that, Divina; but I’m fair scunnert at ye.’

‘What for?’ she asked defiantly, though she now knew perfectly well.

‘Yer ower braw for me,’ said John sarcastically, indicating by a wave of his hand the green hat, the white boa, the trailing skirt, all the bravery her young soul adored.

‘What ails ye at the hat?’ she asked, trying to put in a feeble defence.

‘It’s no’ the hat; it’s the lassie that could buy it; I thought more o’ ye, Divina; it seems I was mistaken.’

It was Divina’s turn now to mount her high horse. No girl of spirit could have done otherwise. She tossed her feathered head and made stiff reply. ‘Oh weel, Mr. Thompson, if that’s the way of it I’ll wish ye good evening.’

‘Good evenin’;’ John responded, and they turned away from each other, Divina gulping down tears of mortified vanity and intense disappointment.

‘Mistaken indeed! I’ll mistake him!’ she muttered, employing that vague and awful kitchen threat at which many a brave heart has quailed.

It was no good to walk on alone in her fine clothes—where would the pleasure of that be?—better go home and tell Mrs. Gilchrist that she found it too hot for walking. . . . She floundered along in the dust and wind and hot sunshine, her heart bursting with rage and vindictive feeling, longing only to get in again and be able to tear off the finery that had brought this humiliation upon her.

John meantime, trudging steadily away from his Divina, experienced equally bitter feelings.

'A Jezebel, just a fair Jezebel!' he told himself. 'And I that took her for the quietest lassie in the countryside . . . did ever a man see the like o' yon hat? . . . she's made a fool o' me at thegither.'

Now a man can face up to most griefs, to almost every sorrow, but to be made a fool of he cannot bear: this is the ultimate bitterness. John bit upon the thought after the fashion of some natures, telling himself over and over again what a fool he had been to imagine Divina a sensible, quiet girl of his own way of thinking, when in reality she was a good-for-nothing huzzie of the usual sort. She was not the wife for him; he must cast her out of his thoughts, forget her entirely, never see her again. All the harsh Calvinistic side of the man's nature came uppermost at this moment, effacing the normal, human feeling that had begun to spring up in his heart.

So the two went their separate ways, as unhappy a man and woman as you can well imagine.

Mrs. Gilchrist being apparently still asleep, Divina had the good luck to gain the shelter of her own room without encountering her mistress. Once having attained this haven, she gave way at last to the pent-up feelings of the afternoon. Taking off the unlucky green hat, she flung herself down on the bed, and burst into noisy passionate sobs like the child she still was at heart. Do not suppose that Divina wept the tragic tears of wounded love—no, they were only tears of bitter mortification. But then, as the Bible truly asks, 'A wounded spirit who can bear?'—certainly extreme youth cannot endure it, and Divina wept on until she had made herself quite sick, and her eyes were all swollen up. Then when the storm had a little worked itself out, she rose, changed the green costume for her black merino gown, smoothed out her puffed hair, bathed her eyes, and went down to prepare supper. Mrs. Gilchrist was quick to notice that something was wrong; but with a fineness of feeling that is often wanting in elderly people, she took no notice of Divina's swollen eyelids, and contented herself with sending the girl early to bed. So ended this disastrous Sunday for Divina.

John, too, had gone home; but not being able to relieve his feelings by a burst of tears, he sat glumly smoking by the kitchen fire all the evening. In vain his mother tried to get him to talk: he remained doggedly silent. Things had, indeed, gone far deeper with John than with Divina, and the events of the afternoon had made him profoundly unhappy. For the first time in his thirty

healthful years, John could not sleep that night. From side to side he tossed, counting the slow hours as they went by, and struggling with something that was too strong for him. At last, as morning dawned, he gave up the struggle. With a great sigh he turned over on his pillow :—

‘The worst o’t is—I maun hae her—*hat and a’*,’ he confessed to himself.

A few days later, Mrs. Gilchrist thought it necessary to question Divina plainly on the subject of her relations with John Thompson. The young man made so many excuses for coming to the back door, and managed to hold such long conversations there with Divina, that there seemed little doubt about his intentions. But the good woman did not get any very definite information out of Divina.

With a toss of her head, and a smile of quite infinite satisfaction, she gave the following enigmatic reply :

‘It’s true John’s wantin’ me ; but I’m no’ so sure that I’ll tak’ him.’

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THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO OXFORD IN 1826.

'THERE are,' said a friend to me, *à propos* of some curiously obtuse person whom he had met in the flesh, 'some priceless chaps in the world.' But I am inclined to think that, in view of the considerable period during which human life has existed on the said planet, there must be some even more priceless chaps in the other world or worlds. I would give a good deal for a talk in the Elysian fields with the Reverend Robert Crawford Dillon, sometime (1826) Chaplain to the Lord Mayor of London.

I do not think that many living people have met Mr. Dillon, even in the print, because his book, entitled 'The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford in the Month of July 1826: Written at the desire of the Party: By the Chaplain to the Mayoralty' (London: Longmans, Rees, Orme, Browne & Green, Paternoster Row, 1826), was very early met by that very fierce reviewer Mr. Theodore Hook, who 'treated him in such a scathing manner that he suppressed his own work.' This one learns from pencil notes inserted in two of the only three copies of the book which I have yet been able to see. One of these copies has Hook's review pasted in it; and, to a student of literary manners, the poverty of the quizzing and the number of points missed by the Great Quiz are almost as interesting as Mr. Dillon himself. One imagines Hook using a bludgeon but pointing it with real wit; yet in truth his weapon is a sorry kind of punt-pole. It is not, however, with Hook, but with Mr. Dillon that we are at present concerned. To the Bodleian copy of the work is prefixed a portrait of the author, who afterwards became a popular preacher at more than one London chapel, published a volume of sermons (including obituary eulogies on George IV. and William IV.), took a Doctor's degree at Oxford, and died in 1847. The 'Church Magazine' for October 1839 contains an article, on his innumerable virtues and eloquence, of such unction that one is driven to suppose that he must have composed it himself. All reference to the youthful indiscretion at present before the reader, and all reference to his brief chaplaincy at the Mansion House is therein carefully suppressed.

Even in 1826 Mr. Dillon evidently had some scruples before

publication, for in his preface he tells us that 'on more mature consideration it occurred to him that this is a species of writing not altogether in accordance with the sacred profession of which the writer is the unworthiest member, although he trusts that not anything in it will be found injurious to the interests of piety.' Piety (of the Dillonian brand) is indeed not only safeguarded, but shovelled *à deux mains* upon the reader throughout the book. If you do not rise from its perusal more pious, it is not the author's fault:—

Virtutem videas intabescasque relicta.

It seems that the Lord Mayor, Sir William Venables, a wholesale stationer at Queenhithe, London, desired to reassert the ancient jurisdiction of the City over the navigation of the River Thames as far west as Staines; this jurisdiction extended, as is well known, from the City Stone (at Staines Bridge) to Yantlet Creek at the river-mouth; it dated from a charter of John, and perhaps earlier; and, so far as I know, no one ever claimed it adversely.¹ But it had been several times 'reasserted' by a solemn visit to the City Stone on the part of the Chief Magistrate of the City, once as lately as 1812; and I suppose it must have been an uneasy feeling in the breasts of successive Lords Mayors that the City did no longer anything to 'conserve' the said river, that led to these reassertions of claim. Readers of the late Professor Maitland's works are aware that *Duties* were accidents very separable from the *Rights* of civic bodies in the early nineteenth century. Well, with this serious business Sir William now proposed to couple a pleasure trip to Oxford, and to return from that place by water to Richmond. He had only intended to spend one night at Oxford, where (as even Lords Mayors must dine somewhere) he proposed to hire an inn and give a display of civic hospitality by inviting the Heads of Houses and his brother Mayor and Aldermen to dinner.

But, says Mr. Dillon, 'if it were not notorious how soon the rumour of any measure is propagated, even before it is fully matured, it would be almost incredible that this excursion should scarcely

¹ The best history of this jurisdiction was written, eighty years before Mr. Dillon's book, in 'An Essay to prove that the jurisdiction and Conservancy of the River Thames is committed to the Lord Mayor and City of London, both in point of Right and Usage by prescription, Charters, Acts of Parliament, etc.; by Roger Griffiths, Water-bailiff. London: Printed by Robert Brown, 1746.' This is a very interesting work, and contains some very curious facts as to the fisheries, as well as the navigation of the river. If Mr. Dillon had read it he would have been even more uplifted than he was as to the magnificence of his patron.

have been determined upon in London before it was known in Oxford,' with the result that T. Ensworth, Esq., Mayor and brandy-merchant of Oxford, evidently backed himself and his kind to outdo the Lord Mayor of London in his own line—a vain hope as we shall see in the sequel. Several aldermen of London, scenting the rivalry of *epulae lautiores*, now decided to join themselves, their wives and daughters, to his Lordship's proposed excursion.

A correspondence, given in full by the reverend author, ensued between the High Contracting Powers. Two nights were to be given to feasting, and the Star Inn in the Cornmarket at Oxford, now better known as the 'Clarendon,' was hired for the London party for July 25 and 26. The City Barge and the 'Navigation Shallop' were despatched upstream and reached Folly Bridge in the very fair time of five days. The Lord Mayor 'had been careful to make every provision for his absence from London' (in fact he left a Regent behind him) 'and then felt that the period of his excursion would pass less anxiously away.'

Then dawned the auspicious Tuesday, July 25, and we at once break into full civic splendours. 'At 7.30 A.M. the private state carriage' (surely a strange oxymoron) 'drawn by four beautiful bays, had driven to the doors of the Mansion House. The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian [*sic*] skill would this day be tried' (in fact it is hinted that the absence of the postillion customary on one of the leaders had made him nervous). 'The fine animals were in admirable condition for the journey. Having been allowed a previous day of unbroken rest they were quite impatient of delay, and chafed and champed exceedingly on the bits by which their impetuosity was restrained. The murmur of expectation, which had lasted for more than half an hour amongst the crowd which had gathered round the carriage, was at length hushed by the opening of the Hall door. The Lord Mayor had been filling up this interval with instructions to the *femme de ménage* and other household officers,¹ who were to be left in residence, to attend, with their wonted fidelity and diligence, to their respective departments of service during his absence, and now appeared at the

¹ One suspects that the *Femme de Ménage* was none other than the cook; and that his Lordship had been merely busy ordering Saturday's supper. For the 'Yeoman of the Household,' who had 'charge of the provisions,' turns up later at Oxford with a vast suite; and perhaps

in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old.

door, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and followed by the Chaplain.

'As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman' (Oh, naughty Chaplain! Fifty years ago you and that female attendant would have been sitting behind in the rumble, and you'd have ended by marrying her), 'the carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders' (and in which, sad to say, his then Gracious Majesty delighted to indulge) 'but at that steady and majestic pace that indicates real greatness.' The drive is described in detail; the weather was perfect 'and the whole face of creation gleamed with joy':

Why hop ye so, ye little hills?

Ye little hills, why hop?

Is it because you're glad to see

His Grace the Lord Bishop?

Nor was the first stage without an adventure: the party almost witnessed an explosion of a powder mill at Hounslow and did in fact see the smoke of it. 'Such calamitous occurrences,' however (there were several killed), 'although they may for a moment or two interrupt the current of cheerful gaiety, will not be without a salutary moral use, if the sympathy which they awaken shall settle down into a permanent Christian principle of action'—a beautiful creed for Lords Mayors and their chaplains. Oxford was reached at 3.15, not bad going for a heavy state carriage with only four changes of horses (Cranford Bridge, Maidenhead, Henley, Benson) by the longer of the two London-Oxford roads.

Mr. Dillon rhapsodises, as in duty bound, over the entrance to the city 'where learning, which in other places is content to lodge in cottages and be closeted in garrets, dwells here in palaces and puts on all the pomp and circumstance of Majesty. And if within the precincts of this august city it shall have been your privilege to receive your education—an education which¹—if its advantages have been closely followed out and you have been careful by subsequent attention and diligence to ripen into fruit those blossoms of instruction which were here first raised in your mind—may perchance have fitted you to fill some commanding station in society' (perhaps even to become Chaplain to the Lord Mayor), 'every

¹ Mr. Dillon has a passion for hyphenic pauses and parentheses; I have failed in some cases to reproduce the abundance of his commas.

renewed visit will' &c., &c. The little snob doesn't tell us which his own college was,¹ nor whether he sneaked round during his stay to talk a little piety to his old scout.

Learning, in her Palaces and Majesty, showed herself at first somewhat unappreciative of the honour now being done to her; for a miserable Pro-Vice-Chancellor was all she deigned to send to the Star to welcome the First Citizen of the Empire; the City of Oxford, on the contrary, turned up in full strength. Other London aldermen in postchaises must by this time be supposed to have dropped in; and 'all then congratulated themselves that only another hour lay between them' and their dinner. Oxford at once showed its inferiority to London by having failed to invite the ladies of the party to its feast. But the gentlemen soon consoled themselves, for the banquet at the Town Hall 'was of such a grand and costly nature as seemed to indicate that the whole of the neighbouring country had been put in requisition.' The conversation in the intervals of the toasts 'though naturally of a desultory and general nature, was yet such as to show that good taste, good feeling, and good sense are by no means limited to the citizens of the Metropolis.' Anyhow they did five hours of it, straight on end, and then 'retired to their respective apartments of repose.'

On Wednesday they really laid themselves out (of course, with serious intervals for a 'sumptuous breakfast' and a 'copious luncheon') to do the sights with appropriate reflections. Queen Elizabeth's Latin Exercise book calls for the remark that 'in those days it was the fashion among great ladies, quite as much as it is now, to study the ancient languages!' I was previously under the impression that such was the fashion rather more in the reigns of the Tudors than in that of George IV. and Lady Conyngham. At St. John's Mr. Dillon lets us into the true secret of poor old Laud's fall; whose habit of 'permitting himself to be addressed by the title of "Your Holiness" and "Most Holy Father" confessedly gave too much reason for the calumny raised by the factious Zealots of that day that he was in collusion with the papal Court'; our author here escapes his own notice being illogical, for I do not think that Sua Santità, Urban VIII., would have regarded this as an appropriate method of 'collusion.' But what no doubt pleased the

¹ It was in fact St. Edmund Hall, which he entered in 1813, and from which he proceeded B.A. in 1817, and M.A. in 1820; he was ordained Deacon in 1818, and Priest in 1819; what he was doing between 1819 and 1826 I have failed to discover.

party most was a lecture at the Theatre of Anatomy by the Regius Professor of Medicine on a model of the alimentary canal of the Turtle, followed by one on the functions and power of the human teeth. 'The fragrance of the air which breathed around the summit of the Radcliffe' (to which the males only of the party ascended) 'had made them by no means incapable of doing honour to a copious luncheon,' at which 'the amusement of the party was exceedingly promoted by the ludicrous *entrée* of a lady of Oxford who, though of great respectability, had yet, in her eager desire to be admitted to the presence of the Lady Mayoress, overstepped all the usual ceremonies of introduction. Her manners and appearance were ridiculous, but one felt much regret on hearing that her talents, which were of the highest order, had been unhappily directed and associated with too small a portion of common-sense.' This lady reappeared, also uninvited, at the drawing-room reception after the Lord Mayor's dinner, performed various amusing conversational antics, and even led the Reverend Chronicler to quote Aristotle's *Poetics* (without accents) on such things as happen *παρὰ τὴν δόξαν*. Does anyone yet live who can tell tales of this prototype of many an Oxford Oddity of either sex? It may serve to identify her¹ if I allow Mr. Dillon to state that 'she appeared to have passed the meridian of life, and was in person somewhat *chargé* [*sic*] *d'embonpoint*'—a shocking reflection on her sex at Oxford just a year before Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq., assured Mr. Pickwick that 'nobody was fat or old in Bath.'

The sights having been done with satisfaction and the 'classic water' (surely a strange euphemism for College beer) having been tasted at Magdalene [*sic*], the real business of the day began at six o'clock with the Lord Mayor's return banquet at the Star. Here indeed the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Richard Jenkyns of Balliol, the same who founded the famous 'Jenks' exhibition and lived to condemn Pusey's sermon, together with both Proctors and five Heads of Houses condescended to be present; the whole of the Civic Fathers, one county Member, and the two city Members were also among the guests. Men then living could remember when the Mayor and aldermen of Oxford had been imprisoned in the

¹ It is quite possible that Dillon means Miss Rachel Burton, or, as she was familiarly called, 'Jack' Burton, daughter of a Canon of Christ Church, 'whose flirtations with old Blucher,' says Mr. Tuckwell, in his 'Reminiscences of Oxford,' on the visit of the Allied Sovereigns, had amused a former generation'; or, again it may be the Miss Horseman mentioned by the same author ('Reminiscences,' pp. 8 and 9).

lump (a fate they no doubt have often richly deserved) for offering for sale the parliamentary representation of their city. We are not told what counties were ransacked to provide this second banquet; Oxon and Berks, we have already learned, had been all but used up for yesterday's feast. Nor does the author dilate too much on the delicacies, for he feels that he holds the winning card in his hand without them. What brought the Lord Mayor in lengths ahead of his friendly rival was the presence of the ladies! and Oxford gracefully admitted its defeat in the race of splendour to be wholly owing to their absence on the previous night. Among them 'the Lady Mayoress attracted particular observation, for she wore a towering plume of ostrich feathers and blazed with jewels.'

'When the Chaplain, by craving a blessing on the feast, had set the guests at liberty to address themselves to the dainties before them, it would not have been easy for an eye, however accustomed to splendour, not to have been delighted in no common manner with the elegance of the classic and civic scene.' Not that this was even 'quite quite,' for it 'fell short of the splendour' of the feasts at the Mansion House, yet withal 'when the [inferior] rank of the company is considered it might in truth be called brilliant.' When the ladies had retired

'With grace,
Which won who saw to wish their stay,'
[? Dillon]

it is with some surprise that we read that the conversation was not in any way changed by their absence; 'so far from being succeeded by that vulgar and obstreperous merriment, or anything like that gross profligacy of conversation which indicates rejoicing at being emancipated from the restraints of female presence,' it continued to be chaste and elegant. The Oxford Magistrates expressed themselves gratified at this; perhaps, before the Lord Mayor came among them to point a moral, their tales at Carfax banquets had been adorned by *gros sel*, or perhaps Alderman Richard Wootten had been in the habit of throwing bottles at Town Clerk Robeson. Anyhow there can be no question that 'the influence which well educated and amiable females have upon Society is immense.'

Too brief such scenes of joy! In four hours the gentlemen were back among the amiable females, and the party broke up at midnight; and on Thursday 27th, 'While the morning was yet early—for the Lord Mayor had, the night before, requested his friends not to devote too many hours to repose—the sound of footsteps was

heard through the inn. . . . Long before seven o'clock the whole city was in motion towards the Wooden (Folly) Bridge¹ to see his Lordship embark upon the State Barge.' There, too, was the Navigation Shallop, and the cook already preparing a fire in a grate fixed in the bow of another large boat. 'Every tree, every window that could admit a face or a footstep was alive with spectators'; in short, as when Drury Lane was burned,

Thick calf, flat foot, and slim knee
Mounted on roof and chimney,

and the Heavens again smiled when his Lordship was 'launched on the broad bosom of the princely Thames.'

I am not going to describe the voyage, which would be of little interest to others than topographers and navigators. One may see a representation of the State Barge on the cover of the 'Illustrated London News.' We gather, from page 102, that it was towed by horses, while the other boats were rowed, and both rowers and horses did perhaps not badly to reach Windsor in two days of fifteen hours each. Mr. Dillon got such remarks as he makes about the state of the navigation from Mr. Alderman Lucas, 'whose knowledge,' he tells us, 'of that subject extends considerably beyond the rudiments of the Science.' For himself, I am sure he didn't know a lock from a weir, for he tells of the 'falls of water bursting through the floodgates of Whitchurch lock'; and, as for what he saw on the banks, he considered Iffley Church 'a fine specimen of the Saxon architecture.' But from Lucas, doubtless, came his very sensible suggestions for cutting off corners of the towing-path, for prolonging old and making new artificial cuts, e.g. at Clifton Hampden, where, though drawing only two feet, they stuck on the rocky shallow. The same was the case between Boulter's Lock and Windsor, where the barge was only floated because the Lord Mayor and Aldermen relieved it of their weight and travelled in another boat. There was no lock then at Boveney, and our author proposes to build one at Clewer Point (the historic 'Sandbank' of Etonian oarsmen). He also shows us that the practice of penning the water to produce a temporary flush, on which the whole system of navigation had rested till almost the end of the eighteenth century, had not been wholly abandoned with the introduction of pound locks in the nineteenth. Another topographical point, which we are apt to

¹ The present bridge, replacing the old 'Grandpont' on which 'Roger Bacon's Study' stood, was opened later in this very year, 1826; and the wooden bridge, to which Dillon refers, was no doubt a temporary structure.

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forget nowadays, is that Reading is not on the Thames at all but a good mile or more up the Kennet.

But I do not, and my readers will not, care for Mr. Dillon sober ; let him speak only when he is drunk with verbiage and plety. Much of the journey seems to have been accompanied by crowds upon the banks, especially of urchins, to whom his Lordship and Mr. Alderman Atkins scattered continuous streams of halfpence. It gratified the moralist to see ' the absence of selfish feeling manifested by some of the elder boys who, forgetful of themselves, collected for the younger girls ' (ah ! how times and boys must have changed since that age of copper) ' and there is unquestionably something genuine and affectionate in the cheerfulness of the common people when it springs from the bounty and familiarity of those above them.' Arrived at Cliefden (*sic* for Clieveden) we moralise long on the wicked Duke of Buckingham, longer still upon the fact that ' his Lordship was now in the immediate neighbourhood of his paternal fields ' ¹ . . . ' with his early life many of the people here were acquainted, and, as they gazed on him ' (he dined in state at 5 P.M. —cold food—in the octagonal temple at Clieveden Spring) ' could say, " He was born in our village ! " ' Yes, ' however high and wide the renown may be which from early boyhood a man has sought in a doubtful world, however full the harvest of applause he may have reaped, yet when the weary heart and failing head indicate that the hour of departure from this transitory scene will not be much longer delayed,' then even a Lord Mayor will ' look back with fondness to his paternal fields,' beside which ' the Thames seemed to awe itself into stillness, as if to listen attentively to the high applause with which its Chief Conservator was welcomed.'

But the real gush of Pietas is reserved for the fact that ' George III. spent at Clieveden the springtime of his years, while, Frederick, Prince of Wales lived there in affluence and dignity ' (Fred ! who was alive and is dead !) ' superintending the education of his children.' ² King George is then, by a violent *tour de force*, contrasted with Augustus, though when the latter resided at Clieveden is not clear. But perhaps Horace was right after all in his statement, hitherto considered doubtful, that Augustus annexed the Britons to his empire as well as the troublesome Parthians.

¹ Sir William was born at Cookham, where his father had been a small paper-maker.

² The Prince rented Clieveden from the widowed Lady Orkney from 1737 to 1745, and occasionally stayed there in the summer. It was there that in 1740 was presented the Masque which contained the air of ' Rule, Britannia.'

Mr. Dillon is obliged to admit that 'as a man of letters George III. was probably not equal to the Great Alfred, nor was his temper milder or more amiable than that of our Sixth Edward, nor his sanctity more eminent than that of Henry the Sixth!' (Alas! these are poor compliments, Sir. Modern research tells us that it is more than doubtful if King Alfred could read, while King George certainly could even write, though he couldn't write in good grammar, and as for King Edward VI., everyone knows now that he was a precociously cold-blooded little wretch.) But George's 'understanding rose above the grovelling ideas of vulgar monarchs' (Oh, Sir, can a monarch ever be vulgar?) 'He scorned to wield a nation's folly to its own destruction; he raised the depressed tone of virtuous practice; he adorned society with correct facetiousness' (yes, he was at times 'very fa-ce-ti-ous,' as Dominie Sampson would say); 'the groans and pangs of dying victims had no charm for him,' and so on, ending with a picture of George III. as he will appear on the Resurrection morning.

When we reach Windsor at 11 P.M. on Friday, and when we have thoroughly 'done' the State Apartments on Saturday morning, and admired the exquisite taste with which George IV. rebuilt and decorated the Castle, we expect a similar panegyric on George IV. But, no; either Mr. Dillon has heard of Lady Conyngham, or, more likely, the awe of a living, if vulgar, monarch is too much for him, and we are merely asked to join (for a page and a half) in a prayer for the long duration of his auspicious reign and for his ultimate apotheosis.

The last day was but a short one; the party did not embark till 12 o'clock and were soon within the boundary of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction at the City Stone, round which all walked three times in procession; after this the City Sword was placed upon the Stone. Three young Lords Beauclerk, with a tutor, had been caught at Windsor (they were 'altogether devoid of that petulant volubility which commonly renders the young impatient of the conversation of their elders') and one of them, 'dressed in a naval uniform, mounted the Stone and held the City Banner aloft during the performance of the ceremony.' Orders were then given to engrave on the pedestal of the Stone an inscription commemorating the event, and the Lord Mayor scattered a hundred newly coined sixpences among the crowd.

Richmond was the close of the voyage, and the party—'every-one's countenance deeply embrowned by long exposure to the sun

and air'—took leave of the Lord Mayor, who entered the 'private State Carriage' again, and 'the horses being put at full speed' (though this was stated above to be inconsistent with true greatness) 'the Mansion House was reached at ten o'clock.' Mr. Dillon winds up his narrative, first with expressing gratitude to heaven that the conversation had been 'throughout the excursion, so agreeable, that no recourse had been necessary either to cards or dice, or to any other of those frivolous expedients of indolence, to which so many of the evening hours of life are sacrificed, and in which that time is suffered to waste away which Providence allows us for the duties of our stations, and which, when gone, shall never return'; and, finally, with musings on the Four Last Things. 'The Party are never likely to meet again in this world. An event has happened—even since the first sheets of this little work were put to press—the sudden and lamented death of one of the Party' [Alderman Mangay], 'which not only impressively forbids this expectation, but proclaims, with the voice of a passing bell, the tremendous uncertainties of life.' In short, as in the case of Hans Breitmann, where is dat Barty now? The final paragraph of Piety is really too Pious for quotation.

Yeomen of the Provision Department, young Lords destitute of petulant volubility, Aldermen, Mayors, even Lords Mayors and Ladies Mayoresses—*omnes eodem cogimur*—quo George III.—*quo dives Tullus et Ancus*. Even between Mr. Dillon and ourselves there will not roll for long the unjumpable Styx.

C. R. L. FLETCHER.

*THE LIFE AND DESTINIES OF MAGISTER
LAUKHARD.*

THERE is assuredly no fairer land in Europe than the ancient Palatinate of the Rhine. Restricted now to a mere department of Bavaria, the name three hundred years ago denoted wide territory on both banks of the great river, stretching scatteredly from Moselle to Main; a land of corn and of wine, of rich pastures and flourishing cities, and in its midst the stately Heidelberg, where for a brief space that most unhappy of English princesses, Elizabeth, wife of the 'Winter-King' of Bohemia, held her lively Court. But thus dowered, like Italy, with the fatal gift of beauty, the Palatinate shared Italy's unhappy fate as the fighting ground of foreigners, and was indeed the first and sweetest bone of contention for the war dogs of the Thirty Years' struggle. Torn from the feeble grasp of Elizabeth's husband, and never fully restored to his heirs, the country became a paradise of petty princes, all of them calling themselves Palatines or Rhinegraves of this or that, but tyrants all in their small way. Nor was that way improved by the neighbourhood of France, in the slavish imitation of which the Electors Palatine had led the way ever since Huguenot times. One of these potentates—he of Veldenz—is actually said to have proposed to sell his principality, people and all, as if it had been a mere article of vertu, to the King of France. So on political degradation and the material misery caused by incessant wars followed moral wreck, and of this the remarkable man whose name stands at the head of this paper has given us a vivid picture, and perhaps an example also.

Rescued of late, not indeed from mouldy manuscript, but from the scabrous paper and bleared type proper to German printing a hundred years ago, the 'Life of Magister Laukhard' has excited deep interest among students of that strange time when on the one hand Germany was ripening in rottenness for foreign domination, and when on the other hand the literary glory of her sons was at its height. It is from the standpoint of these great men and their friends that we usually judge the society of this period; Laukhard has described the same society from a different point of view: while they look upon it from the drawing-room windows he surveys it

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from the basement, from which other things besides masks or even faces are visible. Of the deep-seated corruption of the times there can be no doubt, but in Goethe's 'Weimar' it was covered over by a veneer of culture which was lacking in the circles in which Laukhard moved; and yet those circles were not always of the lowest in point either of wit or wealth.

Whether he himself was quite so bad a man as he makes out may reasonably be doubted. He seems, indeed, to have been possessed, like many greater men, with a mania for self-accusation. He is certainly no Bunyan, but at the worst he seems to have been no baser than his contemporaries, and beside some of them he positively shines. His disgust at the swinish conduct of the French *émigrés* at Coblenz is righteous enough, and he has given us only too good *pièces justificatives* to bear him out. On the other hand his remorse for his first sin is expressed in words which would have been impossible to, say, a Rousseau. Only, being such as he was, it was unfortunate that he should have given way to the idea—he says it was his father's—that he was destined to become a light of the clerical profession, and he cannot see what hinders his advancement therein.

He is a bad, bad man, he says with genuine tears; but that others should take him at his own valuation never enters into his calculations. If he fails to become a 'Superintendent' in the Church, or even a Court preacher, it is all envy and malice and wickedness in high places that keeps him back. And vagabond as he is, he is always the beloved vagabond; he never lacks friends even on a Revolutionary tribunal; and 'impayable' as they found him in many respects, yet from apostate priests up to princes of the blood they will always stand by him at a pinch. That with such powers of attraction, such literary ability, and such keen appreciation of human weakness he did not rise to better things, in an age in which genius did not always require to be backed up by character, is explained by his own open-hearted confessions.

Lurid indeed is Laukhard's account of his own upbringing. Born somewhere about 1758 (he does not know the exact date, and when in doubt gets a friend to forge a certificate of baptism), as the son of an unbelieving clergyman in that same luckless Palatinate of the Rhine, he was made over at an early age to an aunt, who was 'like most women in the Palatinate' an ardent 'friend of drink.' There was a mother in the case, but she was apparently a person of no account. The aunt not only made use of the child, as a poor

Oliver Twist was used, to get through a small window into the wine-cellar for her—for her friends knew her conditions and locked it—but shared her plunder with him, and taught the six-year-old child to drink like a fish. That his foolish old father should ever have had the impertinence to remonstrate with a son so brought up for anything he ever did may appear incredible; yet he is always treated by his cruelly-misused offspring with a respect and reverence which he certainly never deserved; for a weak indulgence and an equally reprehensible capacity for supplying money at odd times seem to have been his only virtues. Yet when not employed in making gold or searching for the elixir of life under the guidance, first of a coiner, who was hanged, and then of an inebriate apothecary of the neighbourhood, the old man did at times devote a few hours to the instruction of his son. Unfortunately his ideas of education were, like his theology, on ultra-modern lines: he seems to have been a 'crammer' of the most uncompromising type, and poor Laukhard's remarks on the effect of such a system on himself might be commended to the notice of some modern educationists.

Incidentally, and sketched with a graphic pencil, we have a picture of affairs ecclesiastical in the Palatinate. That unhappy country had been for two centuries the prey not only of furious combatants but of scarcely less furious theologians. The theologians had harried the unfortunate peasants from Lutheranism to Calvinism—and how Lutheran could hate Calvinist and Calvinist Lutheran we can now hardly imagine—and back again, half a dozen times, as successive Counts Palatine changed what they called their minds. The soldiers—Spanish, Swedish, Scots and English—had harried their bodies as well as their souls, and sucked the very life out of the country, which the cold-blooded devastation ordered by Louis XIV. finally ruined from a temporal point of view. Moral and spiritual conditions were correspondingly affected: society was wrecked. Drunkenness was as universal as it was cheap in the land of Bacharach and Berncastel; vice was the habitual recreation of the peasants: *but it was in church matters that the deepest depth was reached.* Laukhard's father's parish, nominally a Lutheran one, was in the gift of the Romanist Elector-Bishop of Mainz, and the Elector-Bishop not unnaturally made his money out of it; sold, indeed, all such preferments to the highest bidder. They were all *heretics alike; would burn hereafter; and what mattered it to his Grace of Mayence who blessed them or cursed them with his presence at the parsonage?*

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Compelled to mortgage years of their 'living' to buy themselves in, the unhappy Lutheran clergy found themselves at the mercy of duodecimo princes and niggardly peasant-farmers. The former had, as in Scotland, contrived to eat up bit by bit the endowments of the parishes; the latter extended to the parson a grudging hospitality by the stove of the village inn of a Saturday night, and—were rewarded if they could make him too bemused to preach on the morrow. Books the clergy had none, save 'postilles' and 'compendiums' dating back to the good old times of the Thirty Years' War: the wigs and the cassocks which they had worn at their ordination must serve them for the rest of their natural life. No wonder that they were subservient both to prince and peasant. To Laukhard, indeed, the worst of their faults appears to be their 'crass orthodoxy'; but he mentions other traits. One enterprising cleric who considered himself aggrieved by a neighbour—and a Hofprediger too—crept up to his enemy's dining-room window and fired 'bullets chopped small' among the family party, killing a girl of eleven on the spot. He escaped and would probably have been let off, but he committed suicide. A few instances like this, and a few of even worse character indicating the most servile obedience to the powers that were, made Laukhard's atheistic old progenitor appear as a very dove among serpents. No wonder these men were among the first to welcome 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.'

A figure even more characteristic of the times than his simoniacal Grace of Mainz was the temporal prince of those parts, the Rhinegrave of Crehweiler, a wee wee German lairdie, of a bad type in a bad time. Enjoying an income of 40,000 thalers (say, 5000*l.* a year) he lived at the rate of 400,000. He dared do little to extort more by taxation, for he had a feudal lord over him, the Elector Palatine. But what man could do, he did. His princely household, his chamberlains, his court musicians, and his outriders had to be paid for. So, following the example of greater lords, even of England, he required 'benevolences' or forced loans from his subjects, and got 900,000 Rhenish gulden from them. But even in those bad times *il y avait des juges à Berlin*, or rather at Vienna, and good Joseph II., hampered as he was in his philanthropies by pigtails and powder, could yet crush a Crehweiler, and did it. The little principality was rescued and put into the hands of a kind of official receiver; while incidentally old Laukhard was delivered from the vengeance of a court preacher, whose 'crass orthodoxy' had roused the foolish old man's ire.

But presently the old Pfarrer recognised that his boy required more teaching than he could give : he had, for example, one craze in which he again anticipated modern superstitions ; he regarded bad handwriting as a mark of genius and taught it as such. In time he sent poor Frederick Christian to a kind of private school a few miles from home—as bad as were schools of the same class and of the same period in England. Even there the omnivorous urchin managed to learn, and on his return home he fell into the one real romance of his life ; he met his Theresa. She was the daughter of a petty official of the little State, but alas ! a ‘ Jesuit Catholic.’ We may tell at once the story of his love-making, and its end. Almost had he been persuaded to renounce his Protestantism, such as it was, for Theresa’s sweet sake. But it was not to be. His student life and his own inexcusable follies left but little room for the pure affection which should have made him a good husband and father. On his first return from the wild ribaldry of Giessen he finds, to his surprise—and his naïve statement of the natural fact goes far to prove that his Theresa is no figment—that his affection has become cold. Self-indulgence has poisoned the very springs of true love. Again and again he meets her ; but neither he nor she cares much for a union which would plainly make both unhappy. She had, to the great pleasing of Master Laukhard’s self-esteem, refused several good offers of marriage, but in the end she seems to have found a husband, while her lover late in life espoused a good comfortable German girl of the lower classes, who abused him soundly when necessary for his irregularities and kept him as well as she could within bounds.

On one point the vagabond is a serious and unsurpassable authority. What he did not know of the German student life of the time was not worth knowing ; he was deep in the mysteries : Giessen, the wild and rather nasty ; Marburg, the humble and sensible ; Strassburg, the crassly orthodox ; Göttingen, the learned ; Leipzig, the priggish ; Halle, the pietistic ; Jena, the home of every German student’s fancies and follies—he knows them all. At Giessen, his first ‘ alma mater,’ he took part in tricks which seem to us nowadays rather filthy than funny. At Göttingen he was a little daunted by the ‘ Petimätereien ’ of the place. The word, derived from *petit maître*, was used contemptuously to signify good manners ; and good manners were ever irksome to Laukhard. Yet even here he was cheered by discovering one or two Englishmen capable of buffoonery. But at Jena he found the real thing : the

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'Komment' in all its glory, and what the 'Komment' exactly signified only the student of the time could tell. It was the 'Corpus Juris Burschici': the esoteric lore which, conveyed in a jargon unintelligible to the Philistine, established a kind of Freemasonry between 'brother studios' all through Germany. Each University had its own version, but Jena possessed the archetype. There Laukhard lodged in the Leutragasse, there he sat in the Fürstenskeller—name dear to English and Scottish students of thirty years ago—and was at once taken to the heart of all present as one of the faithful.

Before his settlement—and catastrophe—at Halle, we find him wandering almost as a beggar-student from one university to another. Where there was a river available and a market-boat on it he went by that; sometimes he got a cheap back seat on a coach, but mostly he walked and kept his eyes open. In trudging through Hesse, for example, he noticed the awful misery of the people and its cause—the Landgrave's sale of his soldiers, the breadwinners of the land, to England and other Powers. But his liveliest picture is of Wetzlar, the law-capital of the Empire, a faint copy of the Edinburgh of the time, it would appear, and just then frenzied with Goethe-worship. That the vagabond found society there too stiff for him does not imply that it was very elevated, for the society which he did not find too stiff must have been flexible indeed. But what delights us is his account of the crack-brained ceremony with which Goethe's admirers honoured the grave of one Jerusalem (the very name should have been enough to stifle sentiment) who was supposed to be the original of Werther. The enthusiastic idiots met at night, read little extracts from Goethe, sang little songs by little poets, and after 'weeping and howling full manfully' lit wax tapers and formed a procession so gruesome to the view that those who met it crossed themselves and fled, deeming it a diversion of devils. Arrived at the tomb they stood round it in a ring, chanted more little staves in praise of suicide and free love and so on, and went home sneezing. A week after they proposed to play the same game again, but a paternal police interfered. Fantastic 'Schwärmers' of the baser sort might be permitted to make themselves ridiculous; but when high officials of the Imperial Court and ladies of quality were like to descend from their pedestals, they must be protected from themselves. Laukhard adds, with some malice, that Jerusalem blew his foolish brains out, not for love at all, but to revenge a

real or fancied insult offered to them, which he as the 'son of an abbot' could not put up with.

But to return to the vagabond's own 'Life and Destinies.' Of all professions in the world he was surely, with his upbringing, least fitted for the Church. Yet into the Church he must go, or at least become a theologue with a view to an ultimate livelihood as one of those egregious Pfarrers of the Palatinate. The value of his father's opinions on the matter may be estimated from his question put to his son when the boy was thinking of turning Papist for the sake of his Theresa: 'Wilt thou exchange the lesser folly of Lutheranism for the greater folly of Romanism?' Educated in such a school, the lad was to make his first essay in Christian eloquence at the age of eighteen, and accordingly learned by heart a sermon of someone else's, and preached it, his foolish old father listening outside the Church and admiring the elegance of his discourse. The young man's capacity and wit and learning could never help him to an honourable position while such influences were at work in his life.

This, however, was but an interlude in academic life. Too coarse for Göttingen and too rowdy even for Giessen, Laukhard was now commended to that most gentle of pietists, Semler of Halle, and actually became an inmate of his house. The house was a curious one, perhaps not unlike those early academic 'halls' which played so large a part in the development of the English universities. Semler was a kind of principal, and a number of students lodged in the house, while a good many more had their dinner there. Laukhard, when he became a Magister at all events, exercised a certain control over them, but they were a wild crew, and poor Semler was moved to remonstrate, especially in the case of one young aristocrat who only got out of bed twice a week, and then persisted in sitting about 'mit nodings on.' And this kind of folly, says Laukhard, was contagious. Of student follies he has much to say. It was at this time that the 'orders,' the 'Landmannschaften,' 'Corps,' and afterwards the 'Burschenschaften' began to spread through the universities, and Laukhard has but one word to describe them—'childishness.' In truth they had not as yet shown their good points; they were Frenchified to the last degree. Orders of 'Amicists,' 'Inviolabilists,' 'Desperatists,' and the like savour rather of sickly sentiment than of the German honesty and love of the Fatherland which was to make the Burschenschaften, at all events, so prominent in the coming

struggle for freedom. Even in their drinking bouts the 'order brothers' talked French. 'A bonne,' said the Jena student to Laukhard when he should have said 'Prosit!' The Magister knew them from within and despised them. He indicates that in one case an order was broken up by a professor who simply printed its rules!

In the course of his wanderings Laukhard had one narrow escape, coming off, perhaps, better than he deserved; and therewith had his first brief experience of soldiering; for, taking his wine at Frankfort in a place where another 'Master' of kindred type, François Villon, would have been much at his ease, he made the acquaintance of a fair-spoken gentleman who proved to be a crimp, and awoke next morning in a strange room, with a bad headache, and four ducats in his pocket which he could not account for, to find himself a soldier in the Austrian army. By good luck he was able to persuade his captors to send for the major, who was a gentleman. We note, by the way, that Laukhard never has an ill word for the Imperial—as opposed to the Prussian—service. The major came, found the poor scholar sitting there with the before-mentioned head on him, sipping brandy to steady his nerves, and after a few sensible questions to test his veracity, and some yet more sensible advice for the future, let him go. And, indeed, Laukhard might have fallen into much worse hands: he, at least, found four ducats in his purse. In the French service at the time, if MM. Erckmann-Chatrian knew what they were writing about, a drunken recruit would assuredly have been robbed even of his 'King's shilling.'

And now, at the mature age of twenty-one, Laukhard was expected by his father to take up the vocation—secure if not lucrative—of parish priest. His cleanly education had been improved by a study of Voltaire, upon whom and upon the English deists he has a few incisive remarks. With a flash of worldly wisdom the old Pfarrer recommended his son to seek preferment elsewhere than in the Palatinate, where he was too well known. But the history of his travels in search of a parish is monotonous, a mere catalogue of disappointments. Here he was expected to marry the old parson's daughter, and she would not have him; here he was expected to pay more for the living than he could raise. In one place he did obtain a kind of locum-tenency, and held it for some months, being, as he assures us, very popular with the farmers. We can quite believe it, and that the liking

was founded on other qualities than those of boon companionship. But everywhere the end was the same: he had to go, and could never understand why, good easy man.

The stickit minister, somewhat reversing the usual order of things, took refuge in university lecturing. He had obtained the now obsolete degree of 'Magister' at Halle, after a disputation in which his own brother (his one enemy) was his toughest opponent, and started as an extra-mural lecturer; at the good Semler's suggestion, however, he avoided theology and discoursed on the history of the Empire. Students came in plenty, he says, but they and he laboured under two difficulties—impecuniosity and cold. They could not pay for his lectures, and he could not pay for firewood, and they were finally frozen out. In all probability, though he does not, of course, recognise it, his presence at numerous students' orgies had something to do with his failure. At all events, on Christmas Day, 1786, bereft alike of heat and hearers, after long hours spent in stolid despair, and fortified for the tremendous step by hearing early mass, he 'listed'—became a Prussian soldier. His friends were in despair, but he maintained the calm of a philosophic suicide; he would not be bought out; no, he would persevere to the bitter end; and his childlike heart seems to have been mightily comforted by the new reputation which he had gained. It purely delighted him when the urchins chanted scurrilous songs upon him in the streets; for to that last infirmity of noble minds, the desire of notoriety, Magister Laukhard was a willing victim.

His first experiences as a Prussian soldier are diverting beyond measure. His drill was done in the living-room of an under-officer, who put him through his paces while he himself sat darning stockings with the Schnapps bottle before him, clad in an old blue cloak, with a black 'poodle-cap' on his head and, for appearance sake, his side-arms on. But, nevertheless, Laukhard was happy; his comrades loved the derelict scholar as the boors of Hesse had loved him, for his genial presence and that improving conversation of which he has, unfortunately, left us no specimens. He was lucky in his captain, who bore the honoured name of Müffling, who actually never opened his private letters, and who entrusted him with the education of his children. Once, too, he had an experience never to be forgotten: he saw, with his own unworthy eyes, the great captain himself—Fritz of Prussia; and with the record of that blessed moment he ends a chapter.

Even in the lifetime of the great warrior we can trace the signs

of the downward progress from the triumph of Rosbach to the rout of Jena. Soldiers drilled in kitchens while the sergeant knits stockings can hardly have much sense of discipline and military self-respect; and the disorder was increased by the economical regulation which permitted the soldier, who was a 'child of the country,' to live at home and feed himself for three-quarters of the year. For recruits from other lands it was far otherwise; they, it was feared, might escape from slavery. So when Laukhard wanted furlough his friends had to give heavy bail for his re-appearance (we may note, in passing, that he walked home in tight boots, and never quite recovered from that experience). Marriage, however, was freely permitted to the soldier, and therefore, says Laukhard, he is loth to go to war; brave as a lion, he must needs cry when he leaves wife and child. And, in truth, his chances of seeing them again were not great, for his principal danger came, not from the enemy, but from those of his own household; if he once got into hospital and did not die there it was not the fault of the authorities. Laukhard was a soldier in the campaign of the Duke of Brunswick against France in 1792, and he took part in the terrible retreat from Valmy which completed the ruin of the German army. Goethe, an eye-witness also, describes the same affair; but whereas his view of things is that of a high official from headquarters, Laukhard's is that of the ragged Prussian musketeer from the quagmire called a road, from the miserable bivouac, and, worst of all, from the lazarette. He was spared none of the horrors, and he spares us none; *coulour de rose* is a tint unknown from his point of view. However, here he is a genuine and graphic historian; brief descriptions, awful enough in themselves, like that of Carlyle with his 'latrines full of blood' are completed and supplemented with horrors unutterable. Of the frightful dysentery which scourged the troops—ill-fed and utterly uncared-for in sanitary matters—Laukhard does not spare us the details. The Moselle, 'covered with a scum of floating dung,' from which the soldiers had to drink, is bad enough; the description of the encampments in mud and filth is indescribably worse; but the climax is reached in the account of the hospitals. For a nation organised for war as the Prussian people was supposed to be, the state of things was doubly disgraceful. Crippled corporals were the nurses; mere barber-surgeons the medical officers—'Æsculapian buffaloes,' as the Magister terms them in his wrath. With 200 or 300 cases to attend to, they were content to bandage

half-a-dozen wounds of a morning, and then, as it is alleged, passed the remainder of the day in drinking, and actually gambled away to the inspecting officers the money entrusted to them to purchase comforts for the patients. There may be exaggeration in this, but Laukhard's literal account of what he saw in the hospital at Longwy bears on it the stamp of horrid truth. The poor wretches knew what they had to expect, and when hardly able to stand for weakness caused by the dysentery they would protest that they were sound, lest they should be sent to hospital. When Laukhard himself became a male nurse, a year or two after, he found the French hospitals far better arranged and served. But it is difficult for us to understand how very recent are the real improvements in the care of wounded soldiers. In the war between Germany and France in 1870 'wounds in the knee generally proved fatal'; in that between Russia and Turkey, where surgeons from half Europe gave their services, men with bullets in the skull were sometimes left untended till the probe, when it was used, 'rattled on the maggots' eggs in the wound'; while in many points, though not the grossest, Laukhard's description of the sufferings of his comrades recalls those of our own troops in the Crimea.

Out of this inferno he came safely. At Valmy he had run no particular risk: his description of that 'decisive battle of the world' is indeed amazing. He depicts it as a mere cannonade, in which the armies never got to close quarters and in which the German loss in killed and wounded (it came to much the same thing apparently) was 160 only. He is perhaps not quite trustworthy here; his sympathies are plainly with the French; he is already a sansculotte in principle, as he afterwards became one in action, or rather inaction. The Duke of Brunswick himself had been personally kind to him, and as Laukhard can never really think ill of a patron, he cannot understand so popular a Prince issuing the famous manifesto which roused all France to frenzy. But his account of the advance into France and the ravages which accompanied it is coloured; he has no patriotism to make him see the brighter side of things; for the Fatherland which would not make a Court preacher of him, the vagabond, has no claims upon him. What impresses him in the matter is the magnanimous conduct of the French in not annihilating Brunswick's army on its staggering retreat through Lorraine; and for the execution of Louis XVI. he has ready excuse. It should be added in his defence that he had had personal experience of the uncleanly horde of *émigrés* at Coblenz,

and resented being sent with his comrades 'to the slaughter-house' for the sake of such. Like many other Teutons of that sad time, he regarded republican France as the promised land of liberty—but being once arrived there was glad enough to get out of it, as soon as he had the chance, with his head on his shoulders.

'I hate desertion,' says he; but this is 'Steenie lecturing against incontinence' with a vengeance, for he deserts no less than three times; and the first of his desertions came about in strange wise. The see-saw of French and German successes on the Rhine, in 1793, found pause for a time in the siege of Landau, a German fortress long held by the French. For the attack of this masterpiece of Vauban's fortification the besieging Prussians had, characteristically enough, little or no artillery. It was resolved to employ treachery, and Laukhard was selected as the agent of corruption. There is no reason to doubt his statement that he was known, and well known, to some of the princely chiefs of his army; the unfortunate want of discretion shown by those personages in the choice of their associates is known from other sources, and Laukhard was no doubt a veritable treasure as a raconteur. He repaid their familiarity as was to be expected—by estimates of their character sketched from a somewhat low standpoint. The King of Prussia, it is true, is for him half a hero, but rendered less heroic by his invulnerability: only a silver bullet can kill him, if stories are true, and therefore it is little glory to him to ride through a shower of lead. With Max of Bavaria, afterwards King Max I., the Magister was admitted to conversation which bordered on intimacy; he explained his republican views to the delight of this enlightened prince, and got a piece of gold and an assurance that he might 'rely on the friendship of his Maximilian.' His acquaintance with Prince Hohenlohe proved more dangerous; for that Commander had heard that Dentzel, the 'representative deputy' at Landau, was a friend of Laukhard. This person, one of the emissaries whom the ever-jelous Republic commonly sent to hamper its generals in the field, thwart their policy, and spy on their actions, was in truth one of the rogue's acquaintances—of course an apostate Lutheran priest, and equally of course an exile for social reasons: in this case apparently only for libelling a virtuous woman. This man it was hoped to corrupt, and Laukhard was to be the instrument, as a pretended deserter. But Laukhard kicked: his head would be at stake, and he loved his head. It took a whole series of captains and adjutants, including the ill-fated Prince Louis of Prussia, and

ending with the Crown Prince himself, to bring him to the point. At breakfast (wine included) with the last-named, the matter was finally arranged, and Laukhard got a paper under the Prince's own hand to show to Dentzel. He had now, to prevent future unpleasantness, to explain to his fellow soldiers that he really intended to desert; and they received the news with equanimity. Not so the officers, who were to see the deserter safely desert! His captain 'had his heart so full that he could scarce speak to me,' and when he took leave of the rogue, rather too near the French outposts as it proved (for he was nearly caught himself), could but press his hand and listen in silence to his noble farewell: 'a man of honour keeps his word though it cost his life.'

The man of honour was gathered in, though with some suspicion, by a picket of dragoons, to whom he discoursed of 'commands and obedience, righteousness, liberty, and respect for the law.' Much edified, they conducted him to the military commandant, Laubadère, who was also impressed by his language and finally sent him on to the great Spartan ephor himself, Dentzel, whom he found at breakfast with his generals and one of those Egerias who solaced republican deputies for their absence from Paris. His old boon companion received him kindly enough, but there his success ended. He was consigned to the real deserters' quarters, which were vile enough to revolt even him, and peopled with the scum of the German armies, who came straggling in nightly, sold their accoutrements, and drank the proceeds. In his actual mission he failed egregiously; Dentzel rejected all thought of treason, and Laukhard only succeeded in bringing suspicion upon him. The deputy was, of course, at loggerheads with Laubadère, and it was not long before, on a Sunday afternoon, the city rang with the traditional cry of '*nous sommes trahis*,' and demands for Dentzel's head. Fired at on his own balcony by twenty 'volunteers' (and missed), compelled to take refuge in the congenial shelter of a winecask in his own cellar, and placed under arrest by Laubadère, the deputy never betrayed his old friend, and was in due time reinstated, became a general of some kind under Napoleon, and was eventually commandant in Carl August's Weimar. But who so innocent as Laukhard? All he regrets is that he had not 'insinuated himself into the Republic and made his fortune'—apparently by making further mischief. He remained in Landau till it was relieved, and some of his remarks as to the danger of walking in the streets of a bombarded town tempt one to doubt whether he was quite a dare-devil

for courage. Certainly he had little occasion for it in his new part of a sansculotte ; for now he, the hater of desertions, had his opportunity : he deserted *de facto*, and became one of that heroic band. If the rest were like him they did little harm to anyone except their fellow-countrymen. Never trusted, but always regarded as a deserter and herded together with that unsavoury crew, the only service he ever rendered to the Republic was to draw a liberal daily pay, and it would appear that many of those ' Death and Glory Boys ' did little else. Once, indeed, they were inveigled towards the frontier and the fighting, but they found out the plot and escaped somehow. So Laukhard passed a fairly idle twelvemonth, now as a male nurse in hospital, now in giving lessons in French to German officers in bondage ; sponging, of course, on all and sundry for wine. It was cheap—two sous the bottle—and, as he says, his improving conversation merited such favours. But now, unhappily, his loose tongue landed the luxurious sansculotte in a moonlight duel in a backyard, where he received a wound in the breast, which, partly owing to his own excesses and partly to the bad surgery of the times, troubled him for years. The love of Fatherland woke in him afresh, but he always hated a deserter, and so wrote (of all people in the world to whom to write !) to poor Dentzel at Paris, to get him his discharge. Dentzel was then passing through the customary routine, and taking his turn in gaol, like all other patriots, with a prospect of soon commanding the services of Monsieur de Paris ; and of course the letter was opened by the Committee of Public Safety. Public safety demanded and effected Laukhard's instant arrest, and the most shameful confession which he makes in this book is to the effect that he actually contemplated saving his own skin by denouncing Dentzel as a traitor.' He was, indeed, in the depths of terror ; yet, as at other critical moments, the beloved vagabond found friends. The public prosecutor, in the face of his own most damaging and pusillanimous admissions as to the Landau business, got him off in spite of the judges, and he was actually liberally compensated by the Republic for the moral and material disturbance caused by his imprisonment. He would probably have had but little difficulty now in obtaining his discharge from the ' service.' But with a perfect superfluity of naughtiness he preferred to do so with the aid of forged certificates of identity, which he got a friend (as usual a renegade monk in Germany) to fabricate, and so returned with glory to the Fatherland.

Peremptorily rejected by the Swiss authorities at Basle as an

undesirable alien, and forbidden to make his way to Zürich, where he had actually had an introduction to the good Gessner, he fell again into the hands of the *émigrés*, and for a change and a small monetary consideration enlisted under them in a company of thirty men, with one general, the Prince de Rohan, two colonels, five captains and several other officers. He had always loathed a deserter, but he made no scruple about giving this crew the slip, and joined a Swabian regiment—one of the last representatives of the old mediæval 'troops of the circles.' Here he was happy and idle, as well supplied with wine as he could desire, and well paid. But according to his own account his humane soul revolted at having as corporal to lay on a score of stripes on the defaulting private. He therefore 'seldom attended parade,' and presently, by the favour of his ancient patron the Crown Prince of Prussia, obtained his discharge again. Before he went, however, he witnessed, and has described, the gruesome punishment of two German burghers who had acted as spies for the French. They were condemned to run the gauntlet of 300 men for three days in succession; they never did so, for after the first day they died.

At this point the autobiography does not indeed cease, but becomes trivial and tedious. He degenerates into the man with a grievance, and what is worse not only a grievance but a claim. He makes his way into the very presence of the Crown Prince, now King of Prussia, at Berlin, and obtains from him the promise of his countenance as candidate for an academic appointment. But alas! the academic appointment contemplated is at Halle, and no worse place than Halle could be imagined wherein to ask for a place for Magister Laukhard. The University authorities joyfully accept the opportunity of expressing their opinion of their graduate, and he returns to his vagabond life. By means which remind us forcibly of the methods pursued by his unhappy prototype, Richard Savage, he succeeded in disgusting all his patrons, high and low, and he had many. He married, and got what he deserved in the way of marriage, and at last actually obtained, what in his earlier days he had in vain striven and sinned for, a church preferment in the new French 'Department of the Saar.' But misfortune dogged his steps still. Among his various literary productions, chiefly romances distinguished apparently for bad taste and personalities, there was one directed against Napoleon. It was nothing very terrible, but the First Consul did not as Emperor forget or forgive such things, and the Minister of Public Worship discovered that Laukhard was

not all that a pastor should be. Once more he was driven out into the world, and there, somewhere and somehow, he lived on till 1822, when he died in poverty.

And this, to use his own words, is the picture of Magister Laukhard as he lived and breathed. Psychologically interesting enough as the portrait of a sinner who was neither a vain-glorious liar like Casanova, a sly rake like Pepys, nor a prurient philosopher like Rousseau, it mainly claims our attention for the vivid colouring of its surroundings. All true biography, in Goethe's opinion at least, deserves our interest; still more when it includes portraits so life-like, dramas so realistic, and experiences so natural and yet so amazing as those of the Beloved Vagabond of the Palatinate.

A. T. S. GOODRICK.

THE GHOST IN THE HOUSE.

WHEN a man takes a hansom from Charing Cross to St. Martin's Lane and a taxicab from one side of Piccadilly to the other, it means that he is either burning the candle at both ends or husbanding what little wick remains. So that when the light of Batterbee—Horace Beauchamp Batterbee—went out, one winter, at the first sharp puff of north-east wind, nobody was in the least surprised. Everybody had predicted the event. Therefore everybody was, in secret, a little pleased. Though, of course, they were all very sorry for Batterbee, and said charitably that if he hadn't helped Boreas with brandy and eaten three times as much as was good for him he would have been alive to tell more tales.

Batterbee's speciality had been treasure—buried treasure. Buried treasure, properly hidden, is an Ali Baba's cave. Accompanied by a plan, drawn with a finger-nail—preferably in blood—it is often a gold mine. That is what Batterbee had found it. For as soon as his public grew sick of him another public had grown up. There are certainly advantages in writing for boys.

For all that he had earned the income of a second-class Cabinet Minister, Batterbee left his wife and babies abominably badly off. The precise amount of his estate is immaterial. It was, so to speak, the pale residue of the half-crowns which had won the London cabmen's hearts. Within a week of his death an avalanche of bills descended upon his widow. And she began to talk about buying an art shop and selling old furniture in a cathedral town where living was cheap and schooling not dear, and where good Americans came before they died.

It was after she had opened the envelope which covered Batterbee's little bill for wines and spirits that, black and rustling, Mrs. Batterbee floated up the big Bloomsbury staircase to her late husband's study. She was a tall woman with large grey-green eyes, with hair black as the raven's wing, beautiful in a way that was individual and quite rare. She had distinct personal magnetism, yet displayed for all her youth—she was hardly thirty—a curious outward tenderness, a manner positively maternal towards the more intimate of her friends. But above all she was of a laziness!

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She was the kind of person who drifted, who just let things happen. And though her present financial position was perilously shoal-like, she had, so far, always managed to drift in the middle of the stream. Even the death of Batterbee—the Batterbee of the last two years—was, in a measure, a mercy : in the fashion of a happy release.

Mrs. Batterbee turned the handle of the study door ; the rings of the big blue portière jingled on their rod, and Graham Steele, the secretary, jumped to his feet. He pushed back his chair and stood facing her, fingering at the heaps of manuscript on the table. He was, except for height, the physical converse of his late employer's wife. His eyes were blue and eager ; his manner was quick and nervous ; he had, save for his mouth, the face of an ascetic, and his forehead was the forehead of an idealist. He was, in fact, the kind of person who is born with the passion for romance.

Mrs. Batterbee floated lazily across to the Chesterfield that ran out from the fireplace, parallel with the desk. She sank into it with a languor that was, at once, unconscious and a delight. Then her great grey-green eyes rested maternally on the standing boy, and she smiled at him with tenderness.

'Sit down, dear,' she said in her soft voice. 'Sit down. I want to talk to you.'

Graham Steele did as she asked. There was quite a long silence before Mrs. Batterbee spoke again.

'What do you propose to do, dear ?' she suddenly brought out.

The boy stared, as if he failed to understand. Then he seemed, against his will, to take her meaning.

'You mean about—about going ?' he began.

'Yes, dear, about going,' answered Mrs. Batterbee. And she looked at him as much as to say, 'I hate to give you notice, but you know I must, and I wish to goodness you'd help me out !'

The boy looked back at her—as Rostand's *Trouvère* might have looked at the Distant Princess.

'I was hoping that you'd let me stay for a time,' he said fervently. 'There will be so much to do, and I understand it all so thoroughly. I'm the only person who does.' Then, as he saw Mrs. Batterbee regarding him with wonder, he added eagerly : 'I'm sure I should be a tremendous help !'

A faint annoyance at his denseness showed, for a moment, in Mrs. Batterbee's face. It was so stupid of him to make things

difficult. Why couldn't he help her out? But she was far too indolent to be angry, and her voice was still quite even and kind.

'I know, dear,' she took up. 'I *know* what a help you could be. I'm not in the least blind to all that you did for Horace. But *now* there's literally nothing more to be done. And besides, though I hate to talk about money, I simply can't afford to keep you another month. Horace has left me *criblée*, and all the royalties on his books will hardly pay the bills. As it is, everything will have to be sold. We're just on the rocks. There's no other word.' And she looked at the boy with imploring eyes, as much as to say, 'Do make it easy for me, there's a dear.'

But Graham Steele showed, for the moment, no inclination to meet her. His tongue licked dry lips, his nervous hands gripped the chair-arms, and his foot played with the pattern of the rug. At last he faced Mrs. Batterbee with sudden resolution.

'Things are never so bad as they seem,' he began. Then he smiled. 'That sounds like a copy-book maxim,' he deprecated. 'But, all the same, it's true. Can you bear some good news?'

Mrs. Batterbee stared. The boy repeated his question.

'Is it necessary to ask?' she took him up. 'Don't be so mysterious, Graham. What is it?'

For answer he turned half round to the table beside him, on his left. His hand touched successively the several heaps of manuscript. 'Two, four, six,' he said, half to himself. 'Two this Christmas, two next, and two the year after. It isn't riches; it isn't more than a competence. But it isn't, most certainly, the rocks!'

Fairly startled, Mrs. Batterbee jumped to her feet. She came across to the table and looked at the manuscripts. Little as she had shared her husband's literary life, she knew enough to know what they were. In a flash she realised the difference that it made.

'But these are stories!' she cried. 'New stories. They've never come out?' And she turned swiftly upon the secretary for confirmation.

Graham Steele nodded. 'Not *stories*,' he said—and there was a strange note of personal triumph in his voice. 'Not *stories—books*!' But his face was averted and his nervous fingers drummed the table's top.

Mrs. Batterbee regarded him curiously. Her lips moved more than once, but each time uttered no sound. It was as if she found

herself face to face with some situation which, while it advantaged her, she felt it her duty to probe. Then her native indolence conquered once more. And, having shirked the issue, she went slowly back to the Chesterfield and sat down.

'I really don't understand,' she said nervously. Then, after a pause: 'I suppose this is Horace's unpublished work?'

Graham Steele faced her, looked her full in the eyes.

'Yes,' he answered, 'this is your husband's unpublished work.' And though it wants setting in order and putting on the market, you need have no fear about its going.'

Half credulous, yet only half convinced, she furrowed puzzled brows.

'It's so strange, so extraordinary!' she cried. 'And so utterly unlike Horace. He never did anything till he was obliged. Just think of the telegrams he used to get from editors about his serials, and how he kept them all waiting till the last possible day!'

The boy had his answer ready. 'Ah! *that* was because he was doing what they liked; not what he himself wanted to do. But when he hadn't to work, he just *did*. It was his way. He was like that always.'

Mrs. Batterbee, still wondering, let herself drift.

'It's all right, then? It's good work—not early stuff that he couldn't place?'

There was a fine confidence in the boy's answer. 'It's good work,' he said. 'You needn't fear about that. It would have been sold long ago—if it hadn't been unwise to overload the market.'

The final flicker of scruple in Mrs. Batterbee's mind took the form of a single word.

'But——' she hesitatingly began. Then, for she was full in the middle of the stream by now, she adopted the easy, comfortable course. She let her suspicions die. She accepted the miracle as it came. Presently, after a further silence, she got up and walked across to the boy, putting out grateful hands. Graham Steele took them in his own. Mrs. Batterbee, stooping swiftly, kissed his cheek. 'You're a dear,' she whispered. 'You must stay with us now; you must stay and see them through.' Then, as if afraid of further speech, she turned and stepped away. Once more the rings of the portière jingled on their rod; the door closed after her; black and rustling, she was passing down the stairs. And in the

study Graham Steele sat, looking after her with a knight errant's eyes, with the face of a *dévo*t passioning at the shrine of a goddess.

If any one had told Mrs. Batterbee that her husband's secretary was in love with her she would have been as furious as her temperament could ever let her be. She loved admiration before everything; like all women, she believed herself—as she most certainly was—capable of inspiring a grand passion; but for Graham Steele she had, as yet, nothing but the maternal tenderness which, after indolence, was the strongest note in her character. And ever since the boy had come to them, five years back, she had treated him in the same semi-sisterly, semi-motherly fashion, and had looked after his health and underclothing in the friendliest, most unromantic way. But then Mrs. Batterbee was just an ordinary everyday person. She had not, like Graham Steele, an imagination. Neither had she his all-absorbing, soul-consuming passion for romance.

Graham was the son of a major in a West Indian regiment whom the climate had killed, as it had, later on, killed his mother too. The boy had lived in Jamaica, had sailed the Spanish Main in coasting steamers, was saturated with the genuine piratical lore. As he added a knowledge of the *locale* that people who have written about it hardly ever possess, his use to Batterbee, who had never been further than Bruges and Paris, was past all price. He had been made much of; he had been treated as one of the household; Batterbee took him wherever he went. All of which Graham had repaid with an affection for his employer that did not blind him to his employer's faults, and a feeling for his employer's wife such as Thackeray's Esmond had for Lady Castlewood. 'Esmond' was Graham's favourite romance. There was no sacrifice that he would not have made for Mrs. Batterbee's sake.

When he had said that he could be of use to Mrs. Batterbee he had not exaggerated. Wanting to be of use, he *was* of use—as only a person who wants a thing desperately can be. And, working with Batterbee's agent, he contrived to do more for the dead author than that erratic genius had ever done for himself. First and foremost, he did not allow the public to forget him. The only thing that they, quite soon, forgot was that Batterbee had ever died.

There were always, one way and another, paragraphs about Batterbee. There were sixpenny canvas-backs and sevenpenny

board-backs of Batterbee's best-known books. And for two Christmases in succession the posthumous works of Batterbee had enjoyed a sale such as Batterbee had never known.

'That is nothing,' said Graham to the agent, when together they went through the figures—'that is nothing to what they will be next Christmas, when the last and best two come out.'

But in spite of the boy's hard work and enthusiasm the ultimate income of Mrs. Batterbee would have been nothing very much if it hadn't been that Graham, by sitting on the doorstep of the fashionable actor, Charles Caesar, persuaded that handsome person to stage 'Captain Doubloon,' which was the work by which Batterbee had first made his name. The successful appearance of the well-known actor-manager in the part of the pirate is still fresh in people's memory. The play ran in town for eight months, and is still running in the provinces. And whenever the forgetful public were reminded that the author had died twelve months earlier, they merely exclaimed, 'How sad!' and went to see his creation a second time. All of which was very nice for the babies and Mrs. Batterbee, whose gratitude and affection for Graham grew greater every day. She was altered very little—except that, if possible, she was more beautiful. But Graham had changed a good deal. He was still a *dévol*; he still lived for Mrs. Batterbee, whose service was the mainspring of his actions, to whom he devoted every free moment of his life. Yet he was older. He had gained in self-confidence. He felt that he had served for his Rachel as few men serve. Moreover, Henry Esmond had married his Lady at last. Might not Graham Steele do the same?

Meanwhile, their relations were delightful: beautiful to Graham as a lover, beautiful to Mrs. Batterbee as—well, he never could decide. Sometimes he gathered hope from trifles said or done; sometimes he touched the nadir of despair or was racked with jealous anger when she smiled on other men. But the solitary substantial blot upon his perfect bliss was the liking which she had conceived for Charles Caesar and the frequency of that eminent actor's visits to the house in Bedford Square.

Though always he comforted himself with this: she turned to him for advice in everything, consulted him about the children, could make no decision unless he helped her out. Again and again, when he brought her news of some money-making scheme carried to an issue successful and sure, she thanked him with tears of gratitude dimming her wonderful eyes. And not once but a

hundred times she had said to him : ' Graham, dear, the children and I owe everything—absolutely everything—to you !

And so he waited still, biding his time to speak. Presently it came.

One night, in the late autumn of the third year after Batterbee's death, Mrs. Batterbee and Graham were sitting over dessert when the maid came in with the letters. There was a parcel as well, and Graham, cutting it open, took out a couple of Batterbee's books. He passed them across to Mrs. Batterbee without speaking. She examined the covers, glanced at an illustration or two, then put them down and smiled up into Graham's face. And suddenly he felt his blood surge and his heart hammer, and a swift determination to declare himself came. With a new light in his eyes, he leaned forward and put his hand upon hers, pressing it with fierce, unconscious force.

Mrs. Batterbee started, but did not withdraw her hand. Graham had been getting more and more emotional of late ; had given such outward demonstrations of affection again and again. She had ascribed it to nerves, to overwork, to the unsparing way in which he had striven for her and hers. Therefore—and because of her passive, easy-going temperament—she had not troubled to check him ; had never even seen the use or need. But this time an unusual nervousness mastered her. She shunned his eyes. She sought for a means of turning the conversation upon hard, material things. With her free hand she pointed to the books.

' So these are the last ? ' she said. ' The very last ! '

Something—something faint, elusive, and frightening—jarred in her tone. Graham started ; then dismissed the thought that stung.

' Yes, these are the last—the very last,' he answered, quietly, for all his passion. And he sat looking at Mrs. Batterbee with a question in his *dévol's* face.

But because—though she was very fond of him—she was not in love with him the least little bit in the world, Mrs. Batterbee misread it. She thought that he was asking for something else—for advice, suggestion, help. And her grey-green eyes gleamed mischievously as she leaned across the table suddenly and whispered, ' Don't you think they'd stand a couple more ? '

There came the scrape of a chair upon the carpet ; the heavy table itself moved, pushed away by two nervous hands. Graham Steele stood in front of Mrs. Batterbee, who looked up at him in fear.

'Then you know,' he whispered fiercely—'you know everything. You know that they were all mine—that I wrote them before your husband died!'

For a moment she wanted to dissemble, to turn it off, to feign ignorance. But the *dévo*t's accusing face forced her to the truth.

'Yes,' she said, and shrugged her shoulders with false carelessness. 'Yes, I know everything.'

Again the whisper came to her, fierce, distinct.

'How long have you known?'

'From the first day,' answered Mrs. Batterbee, beneath her breath. For she knew it useless to lie.

'My God!' cried Graham. 'Oh, my God!' He hid his face in his arm and began to sob, not like a child, but with the horrible sobbing of a grown man.

Mrs. Batterbee got up slowly, and, coming across to him, put a gentle arm round his neck.

'How could I help knowing, dear?' she said. 'As if Horace was capable of doing *anything* during that last dreadful year of his life!'

Roughly, brutally, he pushed her away. 'Don't touch me! Ah! don't touch me!' he said.

Mrs. Batterbee went slowly back to her chair. Then Graham faced her again.

'I'm going!' he flung out.

Mrs. Batterbee threw out protesting hands. Her grey-green eyes filmed. Her voice was full of tears.

'Graham, dear,' she began, 'don't go. We mustn't quarrel after all these years. You've been so good to me, and ——'

'I'm going—going now!' he interrupted.

Mrs. Batterbee was roused at last.

'You did it because you wanted to,' she cried—'because you wanted to, and for no other reason. It's so like a man. You blame *me* because I acquiesced—for the sake of the children—in what *you* did. It was your doing—all yours; I only acquiesced.'

He looked at her sadly and shook his head.

'Yes,' he said, and paused a moment with his hand upon the half-open door. 'Yes, that's it. You acquiesced.'

As the door swung open to the full, Mrs. Batterbee threw her arms round Graham's neck. 'You mustn't go, you mustn't go!' she sobbed. 'I need you. I can't do without you now. Don't be so horribly cruel! I can't bear it.'

But, cold and inexorable, his passion extinguished, his idol shattered, Graham Steele shook off her detaining hands. After him the door closed firmly. He had really gone. And in the dining room Mrs. Batterbee, flinging herself into a chair, wept out vain and despairing tears.

Half an hour later she got up and looked into the glass. She hardly knew herself. Nothing so disturbing had happened in all her life. A moment later the maid came in.

'Mr. Caesar is in the drawing-room,' she said.

Mrs. Batterbee's averted face struggled into calmness. She was even blushing a little. She shot a side-glance into the glass and, though a moment before she had not minded, she was now horror-struck with what she saw.

'Tell him I'll come in a minute,' she answered.

And, black and rustling, she floated upstairs to her room.

It was in the hell of lost illusions that Graham Steele passed the next few days. His idol was fallen and shattered; his belief in himself was gone. All these years he had cherished the belief that he had behaved splendidly, that he had done not one but a thousand fine things, that he was fit to rank with the great lovers of the world. Now the reverse of the medal faced him, ugly and plain. He saw his conduct in a new light—a light which showed him how other people would see. In the furnace of disenchantment the idealist in him was consumed. The boy that had been Batterbee's ghost was dead. He was a man, bitter, cynical and resolved to take from life all that life had to give. So because he still loved Mrs. Batterbee—but in a different way—he was determined to make her his wife. Had not her actions, her very words, confessed that he had only to ask? And so, after three horrible days and four sleepless, interminable nights, he set out for the house again.

Coming, on the fourth morning, from his rooms in Maida Vale, he got upon a 'bus. It was an October morning, beautiful, fresh and boon. To steady his jangled nerves he took his newspaper and tried his best to read. By chance, he opened it at the fashionable column. Half-way down the page a paragraph caught his eye. At first he read it mechanically and without comprehension. Then, re-reading it, the full horror of what he saw glimpsed on to him and stayed. This is what it said:

'A marriage has been arranged between Mrs. Batterbee, widow of the late Horace Batterbee, and Mr. Charles Caesar, the well-

known actor. It is understood that the wedding will take place at once.'

The next thing that Graham Steele knew was that someone had tapped him gently on the shoulder. He looked up with a start and saw the conductor. There were no other people on the 'bus.

'What is it?' asked Graham Steele.

The conductor stared at him with some curiosity.

'This is the terminus, sir,' he said. 'We don't go any further.'

And Graham, who, getting down, found himself in Bromley-by-Bow, walked for hours in a dream through mean and torturing streets.

Mrs. Batterbee and Charles Caesar were married a week later. He never had any illusions about her, and she has made him as happy as she would have made Graham Steele miserable. The marriage is indubitably a success. Graham, who goes to see them from time to time, has achieved fame as a writer of novels that present women in the least favourable light. But, as your true cynic is a sentimentalist at heart, those who know the facts of the case say that he will return to his first love—buried treasure—in the end.

And they wait patiently till, in the hungry forties, Stevenson resumes his own and Henley sways the heart of middle age, so that Graham Steele shall witch the world with tales of treasure trove, and win the heart of boys—and of men who have never grown up—with the true and perfectest romance.

AUSTIN PHILIPS.

MORE HUMOURS OF CLERICAL LIFE.

It is many years since the CORNHILL MAGAZINE published some articles on the humours of clerical life, and as I move from place to place in the course of my work, I often regret that I have not made notes of some of the amusing things that occur.

It is strange how, even now, the clergy—or at any rate the unbeneficed, popularly known as the curates, are made the objects of often well-worn jokes. For as a matter of fact nothing strikes one so much as the distance which separates the typical curate of fiction from the genuine article. I may have been particularly fortunate or unfortunate in the fellow-clergy whom I have met, for the worst that can be said of the majority is that they are very like the average layman, neither more clever nor more foolish. Indeed in the London diocese it is remarkable how the very fact that one is a clergyman is sufficient passport among the working classes. Nothing struck me so much, on coming into the diocese, as the remarkable courtesy and kindness with which one was treated, especially by working men. No! certainly in many parts of England the 'working classes' at least no longer hold aloof from the clergy, and the Church is becoming more and more the Church of the people.

Of course foolish things are said and done by us, as is sometimes the case in other professions; and this is not perhaps surprising when the position into which a man is suddenly thrust at the age of twenty-three is remembered.

I have certainly known one man who might have served for the model of the curate in the 'Private Secretary.' The traditional goloshes were his constant companions, and on the occasion of a choir treat, when an expedition was to be made to a town twenty miles north of the parish, he took with him a pair of woollen socks, which he carefully put on in the waiting-room on arrival, to prevent him catching cold in such far northern regions. He had a rooted objection to the shortening of names. The servant in his lodgings rejoiced in the name of 'Carry,' but he insisted on her answering to the name of Caroline only. On a friend announcing to him his engagement, he merely besought him not to abbreviate her Christian

name, even for purposes of endearment. Still, for all that, he did good work and commanded the affections of not a few.

A friend of mine came to preach for me at the harvest festival. The 'use' at his church was for the preacher to carry his stole, putting it on in the pulpit and again removing it at the end of the sermon. This little piece of ritual he duly performed, but its meaning was wholly lost on my congregation. A servant being asked, on her return, why the service had been so short, said that the preacher was in a hurry to catch his train, as he had begun undressing before he left the pulpit.

A woman in a parish where I lived used each day to prepare herself for the worst. I was complimenting her one day on the extreme tidiness of the house even early in the morning. 'Yes,' she said, 'I always likes to 'ave my bedrooms done hearty, for, as I allus sez, you never knows what may 'appen; 'ow soon one of the children may be brought 'ome in a fit or with a broken leg, and, as I allus sez, it don't matter what 'appens, so long as you've got a bedroom to put 'em into.' Whether she would have taken quite so calmly the actual arrival of a child in a fit, I cannot say, for her rule of life was never put to the test. I wish I could recall all the splendid vocabulary she had at her command; but I remember her making use of one of the best 'portmanteau' words I have heard. 'That gal of mine is that aggrannoying, she won't get up of a morning.' On another occasion she told me with great pride that her boy at school had been made 'a something or other, I didn't rightly catch the name, but he 'as to look after t'other lads.' I suggested that the word probably was monitor. 'Ho, yes, that was it; but there, I never did give way to eddication.' She spoke with such splendid scorn of the pursuit of education that you might have supposed it was some vice, like drink, from which all her life she had endeavoured to keep free.

The compliments that one meets with are sometimes as strangely phrased as they are generally little deserved. On my leaving a curacy, an old friend of mine said: 'Well, I be sorry you're going, for I did 'ope you would 'ave died 'ere'—which was certainly more than I did. But in the way of testimonials, the one which I prize the most was received from a certain bishop. He was famous for the infelicitous way he had of putting things. I wrote to tell him I was leaving the diocese, and to thank him for his kindness to me. His reply was short, and, I trust, not to the point: 'Dear Sir,—I am sorry you are leaving my diocese, for I have never heard

anything against you.—Yours faithfully, —.’ This at least was a negative kind of testimonial which might be useful to some of us. My vicar was leaving at the same time, and I was accompanying him to his new parish. He fared very little better at his bishop’s hands. ‘Well, —, you and I have not always seen eye to eye, but I might well get a worse man.’ So, with this episcopal blessing, we migrated to another diocese.

It has only once been my lot to preach to a bishop, and that was, so to speak, by accident. A certain bishop was spending the day with us, and after tea had settled himself down to answer some of his correspondence. I had carefully refrained from telling him of the evening service, simply because an address was to be given at it. However, he heard the bell, and waiting, I suppose, to finish the letter he was engaged on, did not arrive till we were singing the Psalms. The subject of the address was attendance at church, and one of my points was the necessity of punctuality and the irreverence of coming in at the last moment. It was only when I was labouring this particular point that it flashed across me that the bishop had come into church at least five minutes late, and that naturally enough all had marked his presence. Being, however, a man of humour he readily forgave, though he remarked that it was a little hard, when I had not given him the chance of being punctual, to hold him up before the congregation as the ‘awful example.’

While on the subject of infelicitous sayings, I was told a good story the other day of an organist who was always filled with anxiety to say the pleasant thing, but was not always successful. At a choir supper he was put up to propose a vote of thanks to the vicar, who had presided. ‘What I always feel about our vicar is this—if anyone can get on with him—well, he can get on with anybody’—a somewhat confused statement which might have several interpretations.

I once attended a mayoral banquet in a provincial town at which the vicar, who had newly arrived, was present. An alderman was put up to propose his health, and was very anxious to pay a well-deserved compliment to the new vicar’s popularity, and this was his manner of doing it. ‘Mr. Mayor, our new vicar has not been long in making himself liked by all of us. As I was remarking the other day to some friends, it’s a good thing that our vicar has not got the face of an Adonis, or we should have to look out for our wives and daughters.’ It was well meant, but one felt, of course.

that the expression of the sentiment could have been improved upon.

Writing of humour reminds me of the lack of it—an unhappy condition with which one meets occasionally. There were some dear old ladies who lived in a large house in a certain parish. They were very much opposed to anything which to their mind savoured of the world; the thought even of 'patience' filled them with horror. They had, however, heard that the curate, to whom they were very attached, was a good conjuror. On one occasion, when he was luncheoning with them, they asked him to show them some of his tricks. He readily consented, and in the extreme innocence of his heart asked for a pack of cards. 'We have never had a pack of cards in the house for twenty years,' his hostess exclaimed; and then, feeling she owed her guest some reparation, asked him whether visiting cards would do as well! Another amusing instance occurred during my summer holiday, when I had taken a *locum-tenency* in a small parish on the Yorkshire moors. My first Sunday was August 12, and, to my astonishment, a brass band gave forth weird and distracting music outside the church before the beginning of the evening service. I asked the parish clerk if this was a frequent occurrence. 'No,' he said; 'you see, it's the 12th of August, and we always have a band at Christmas, Easter, and the 12th.' I thought this inclusion of the feast of St. Grouse with Christmas and Easter distinctly entertaining, and, meeting the vicar's sister the next day, told her with mock seriousness of the clerk's explanation of the brass band—namely, that it played at Christmas, Easter and the 12th. My astonishment was great when I discovered that she saw nothing amusing in it; for, without a smile, she added: 'He forgot Whit Sunday.'

By the way, I shall always remember those particular summer holidays, because I was guilty of my first and last practical joke. We had arrived in the Yorkshire village early in the week before my first Sunday, and two days afterwards I started out after lunch to try and catch some trout. As five o'clock drew near I began to long for tea, and returning to the vicarage, found everyone out and the house locked up. However, I found that the catch on the dining-room window was not fastened, so I gained an entrance that way. It was only after tea that the spirit of evil suggested to me to plan a burglary. This, however, was easily done, and having taken a cheque which I had received that morning and left on the writing table, and having turned a few of the drawers of the bureau

out, I departed to resume my fishing, leaving a piece of paper on the table with this inscription, 'Why don't you keep whisky?' It was, of course, a foolish thing to do, but I was young and the feeling of holidays was strong upon me. I was, however, destined to pay the penalty. When the family returned, they pictured a real burglary, sent for the village constable, and despatched a child to find me. Like a coward, I refused to come, but sent a message as to the true state of affairs. By this time half the village was assembled at the vicarage, filled with the unprecedented excitement of the news. When the truth was at last told, that the minister who had come to fill their vicar's place during his holidays had burgled his own house, I am not sure whether disappointment or amazement was uppermost in their minds. But I made one vow as a result, and that was—'never again!'

The parish clerk in this out-of-the-way Yorkshire village does not, however, stand alone in his strange view of things ecclesiastical. I am reminded of a suggestion made to me by another, which is only amusing because of the seriousness with which it was made. It was one of the duties of the said clerk to tell me, at the close of the service, as nearly as possible the number of communicants who had been present. He had been clerk for over thirty years, and had seen many changes in his time. One Easter morning I asked if he could tell me roughly how many had been present. He replied: 'About a 'undred and fifty. If they goes on increasing this fashion, you'll 'ave' to 'ave a turnstile.' I remained lost in thought as I conjured up the sight (and sound) of one's congregation pouring through a turnstile at the chancel gate. Many years ago I was in a parish where the clerk considered himself indispensable to the proper conduct of the service. Soon after my arrival my vicar went away for his holiday, and I was left alone for the Sunday. It was a large town parish and there were many classes and services. Just before evensong, my friend the clerk laid his hand on my shoulder in the friendliest way possible, saying: 'Well, sir, by the time me and you've done, we shall 'ave done a good day's work.'

There was an amusing story current in a small provincial town where I was once curate, concerning the trick which the parish clerk had once played during an election in the old pre-ballot days. There was a small body of freemen whose votes were most important, as the result of the election often turned upon their acquisition by one or other side. It was at times their plan to hold out till the last few minutes before the poll closed, in order to wring the largest

bribe from the respective candidates. On the occasion of a certain election it was known that everything depended on the votes of the freemen, who were holding back in the approved fashion. The clerk also knew that his party were probably unable or unwilling to pay the full price. So he fell back on the very simple device of putting back the church clock, from which the average townsman took his time. The result was that the freemen held out a little too long, and being too late to record their votes, victory rested with the clerk's party—whether it was the Blues or the Reds, I am not prepared to say.

I am sure that a speaker, whether he is preaching or making a political speech, never realises how little his long words or rounded phrases are really understood by some in his audience. A clergyman, at the close of some Confirmation classes which he had been giving in a village of one of our northern towns, proceeded to ask his candidates a few questions, in order to find out how far he had made himself clear. The answer to his first question rather astonished him—'What is grace?' Promptly the reply came, 'All manner of fat.' The answerer had had plenty of experience of it as kitchen-maid, and perhaps 'grace' is not altogether unlike in sound to 'grease.' That reminds me of the story of an old woman who, on being asked why she had such a rooted objection to the new rector, replied: 'Ow could I 'elp it, when 'e uses such bad words in the pulpit?' 'But what bad words?' she was asked. 'Just think,' was her reply, 'ow often 'e says peradventure—and you knows what David says about such-like—"if I shall say peradventure, the darkness shall cover me."'" But after all, it was not her knowledge of Scripture which was at fault, but her knowledge of stops.

This rendering of the Psalm is scarcely more quaint than that of the 104th. It was noticed on board ship that a sailor always rendered verse 26 as follows: 'there go the ships and there is that live thing whom thou hast made to take his passage therein.' Asked what he thought the 'live thing' meant, he replied it was the stranger who, as a special favour, had been allowed to take his passage home on this particular tramp. The most striking comment on the Book of Psalms was once made to me by a parish clerk. 'The older I get,' he said, 'the more I like the Psalms, but some are very hard to follow; you can't tell who it is that's speaking.'

The names proposed by parents for their unhappy children are

sometimes particularly weird. I was called to privately baptise a child the day after peace was declared at the close of the Boer War. My request 'Name this child' produced a long speech from the mother: 'We want to commemorate the war and the peace, so we want to call him "Roberts Pax."' The unfortunate child, whose surname was Smith, did not long survive such a name. On one occasion a man gave his daughter's name as Venus. Rightly or wrongly, the clergyman vigorously protested against the name as that of a heathen goddess, to which the father pertinently replied, 'What about your own gal Diana?'

Baptisms remind me of a tragical occurrence which happened soon after my appointment to a new parish. The clerk, who had been a friend of the family for many years, had with great pride presented me, on my arrival, with a new burial register. During my first few weeks I had the assistance of a man who used to come down from Saturday to Monday. In taking baptisms he had a piece of private ritual which consisted in kissing each baby before returning it to the godmother. On the first occasion, however, in the excitement of the moment, he got hold of my new burial register and entered the seven unfortunate children, whom he had just baptised and kissed, as having been buried. The wrath of the old clerk at the ruin of his new register and the superstitious dismay of the parents added to the comic side of the scene.

Few, I expect, realise that the clergy are suspected of appropriating the offertories to their own use. Some years ago, however, my eyes were opened to this. I was endeavouring to persuade one of my parishioners not to keep her sweet-shop open on Sundays. If your readers know the scent of concentrated pear-drops with which a church vestry will sometimes smell before a service, they will sympathise with the twofold object that I had in remonstrating. However, I suffered for my temerity, for my good lady friend, leaning on her bare and very red arms across the counter, addressed me in a confidential voice. 'Look 'ere, sir, just as you couldn't live at the vicarage without your Sunday collections, no more couldn't I without my Sunday takings.' It would be trying to the temper at times to find oneself so hopelessly misunderstood, but the humorous side to it all is a great safeguard. A well-known bishop once, in a fit of confidence, put the case to me exactly—whether it's a bishop with his clergy, or the clergy with their parishioners, or the parishioners with one another, it is a golden rule to 'suffer fools gladly!'

STEWART F. L. BERNAYS.

THE OSBORNES.¹

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOUGH it was true that Claude's kindness in lending Austell his flat did not cost him anything, it conferred a great convenience on his beneficiary, and Jim, who had been living at the Bath Club, had his luggage packed without pause, and wrote the letter of acceptance and thanks to Claude from the flat itself on Claude's writing paper. The letter was quite genuine and heart-felt, or at the least pocket-felt, for Jim had had some slight difference of opinion with his mother on the subject of being seen in a hansom with a young lady who in turn was sometimes seen on the stage, and Eaton Place, where he had meant to spend those weeks, was closed to him. But Claude's flat filled the bill exactly; it was far more comfortable than his mother's house, and there was nothing to pay for lodging, so that it was better than the club. His satisfaction was complete when he found that Claude had left his cook there, with no instructions whatever except to go on cooking, nor any orders to have catering bills sent to the tenant. So Jim made himself charming to the cook, gave her the sovereign which he had at once found on Claude's dressing-table when he explored his bedroom, and said he would be at home for lunch. Plovers' eggs? Yes, by all means, and a quail, and a little *macédoine* of fruit. And by way of burying the hatchet with his mother, and incidentally making her green with envy (for it would have suited her very well if Claude had offered her the flat, since somebody wanted to take her house), he instantly telephoned asking her to lunch, and mentioned that he was in Mount Street till the end of July. The lunch she declined, and made no comment on the other, but Jim heard her sigh into the telephone. She could not hear him grin.

As has been mentioned before, Jim had no liking for Claude, and up till the present he had done little living upon him. But this loan of the flat—especially since there was free food going—

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was extremely opportune, for at the present moment Jim was particularly hard up, having been through a Derby week of the most catastrophic nature. He had done nothing rash, too, which made his misfortunes harder to bear; he had acted on no secret and mysterious tips from stables, but had with almost plebeian respectability backed favourites only. But the favourites had behaved in the most unaccountable manner, and their blighted careers had very nearly succeeded in completely blighting his. But he had raised money on the rent of Grote which would be paid him at the end of the month, and had paid up all his debts. That process, however, had made fearful inroads on his receipts for the next quarter, and strict economy being necessary, Claude's kindness had been most welcome. And as he ate his quail, Jim planned two or three pleasant little dinner parties. He would certainly ask Claude and Dora to one of them, or was that a rather ironical thing to do, since Claude would be paying for the food that they all ate? He would pay for the wine as well it seemed, for a bottle of excellent Moselle had appeared, since he had expressed a preference that way, coming, he supposed, from Claude's cellar.

Jim looked round the room as he ate and drank, pleased to find himself in this unexpected little haven of rest, but feeling at the same time envious of and rather resentful towards its possessor. He quite sympathised with the doctrine of Socialism, and asked himself why it should be given to Claude to live perpetually in that diviner air where financial anxieties are unknown, where no bills need ever remain unpaid except because it was a nuisance to have to dip a pen in the ink, and draw a cheque, whereas he himself was as perpetually in want of money. The particular reason why he was at this moment in want of it—namely, because he had had a very bad week at Epsom—did not present itself to his mind, or, if it did, was dismissed as being an ephemeral detail. Perhaps in this one instance that was the reason why just now he was so absurdly hard up, but the general question was what occupied him. Claude was rich, he was poor; where was the justice of it? He liked prints, too, and why should Claude be able to cover his dining-room walls with these delightful first impressions, while he could not? Indeed, he had no dining-room at all in which he could hang prints even if he possessed them. His dining-room was let to Mr. Osborne, who, it was said, was going to be made a peer, and on their walls hung the stupendous presentments of him and his wife. And Claude had married his sister: everything came to those who had cheque-

books. Well, perhaps the Ascot week would make things pleasanter again; he had a book there which could hardly prove a disappointment. If it did—but so untoward a possibility presented no features that were at all attractive to contemplate.

He finished his lunch and then made a more detailed tour of the flat. It was delightfully furnished (probably Uncle Alf was responsible for all this, since it was clearly out of the ken of any other Osborne), and everything breathed of that luxurious sort of simplicity which is so far beyond the reach of those who have to make sovereigns exercise their utmost power of purchase. By the way, he had taken a sovereign which was lying about on Claude's dressing-table and given it to the cook; he must remember to tell Claude that (for Claude might remember, if he did not), and pay him. Next that room was the bath-room, white-walled and white-tiled, with all manner of squirts and douches to refresh and cool. Then came a second bed-room, then the dining-room in which he had just now so delicately fed, then the drawing-room, out of which opened a smaller sitting-room, clearly Claude's. There was a big writing-table in it, with drawers on each side, and Jim amused himself by opening these, for they were all unlocked, and looking at their contents. Certainly Claude did things handsomely when he lent his flat, for in the first drawer that Jim opened was a box of cigarettes, and one of cigars. These latter smelt quite excellent, and Jim put back the cigarette he had taken from the other box and took a cigar instead. In another drawer were paper and envelopes stamped with a crest (no doubt the outcome of the ingenuity of the Heralds' College), in another a pile of letters, some of which Jim recognised to be in Dora's handwriting. This drawer he closed again at once: it was scarcely a temptation not to do so, since he only cared quite vaguely to know what Dora found to say to her *promesso*. In another drawer were a few photographs, a few invitation cards, an engagement book, and a cheque-book. This latter was apparently an old one, for it was stiff and full towards the back with counterfoils, while the covers drooped together half way down it.

Jim could not resist opening this, nor did he try to: he wanted to know (and there was no harm done if he did) what sort of sums Claude spent. But on opening it he saw that it was not quite empty of its cheques yet, the last but one in the book had not been torn out, but was blank, as was also the counterfoil. Then came the last counterfoil, on which was written the date, which was

yesterday, and a scrawled 'Books, Dora,' and an item of some 150/. Then he turned over the earlier counterfoils: there was a big cheque to Daimler, no doubt for his car, another (scandalously large it seemed to Jim) to his tailor, more 'Books,' several entered simply as 'Venice,' and several on which there was nothing written at all. Apparently, in such instances, Claude had just drawn a cheque and not worried to fill in the counterfoil. That again was the sort of *insouciance* that Jim envied: it was only possible to very rich people or remarkably careless ones, whereas he was poor, but remarkably careful as to the payment of money. The blank cheque, forgotten apparently, for the cheque-book, tossed away with a heap of old invitation cards, looked as if it was thought to be finished with, was an instance the more of this enviable security about money matters. And Jim felt more Socialistic than ever.

He shut the drawer up, and examined the rest of the room, having lit the cigar which he had taken from the box and which he found to be as excellent to the palate as it was to the nostril. The room reeked of quiet opulence: there was a book-case full of well-bound volumes, a pianola of the latest type, two or three more prints, the overflow from the dining-room, and a couple of Empire arm-chairs, in which comfort and beauty were mated, and on the floor was an Aubusson carpet. And though feeling envious and Socialistic, Jim felt that it would be quite possible to be very comfortable here for the next six or seven weeks.

Like most people who have suffered all their lives from want of money, and have yet managed to live in a thoroughly extravagant manner, Jim had been so often under obligations to others that Heaven, suiting, we must suppose, the back to the burden, had made him by this time unconscious of such. He accepted such offers as this of the flat with a gay light-heartedness that was not without its charm, and made also the undoubted difficulty of conferring, no less than accepting, a favour gracefully, easy to the giver. But he did not like Claude, and had a sufficiently firm conviction that Claude did not like him, to take the edge off his enjoyment. Why Claude should not like him, he could not tell: he had always been more than pleasant to his brother-in-law, and when they met, they always, owing to a natural and easy knack of volubility which Jim possessed, got on quite nicely together.

This minute inspection of the flat had taken Jim some time, and when it was completed he strolled out to pay a call or two, see if there was any racing news of interest, and go round to the

Osbornes to have a talk to Dora, whom he had not seen since she had returned from Venice, and in person express his gratitude for the timely gift of the flat. He found her in, but alone: Mr. and Mrs. Osborne were expected from Grote that afternoon.

'It was really extremely kind of Claude to think of it,' he said, 'and most opportune. I had the rottenest Epsom, and really was at my wits' end. You are probably beginning to forget what that means. Oh, by the way, I found a sovereign of Claude's on his dressing-table and gave it to the cook in order to promote good feeling—or was it ten shillings?'

Dora laughed. This was characteristic of Jim, but she was used to it, and did not make sermon to him.

'I feel quite certain it was a sovereign, Jim,' she said. 'I will bet, if you like. We will ask the cook what you gave her.'

'I dare say you are right. Ah, you expect Claude, though. I will give it him when he comes in. Have you seen mother? She and I are not on terms just now. But it does not matter, as I have Claude's flat.'

'What have you been doing?'

'Nothing; she did it all. I hadn't the least wish to cut her. In fact, I wanted to stay in Eaton Place, until the flat came along, and when it did, I wished to give her a slice of my luck, and I asked her to lunch. She said 'No,' but sighed. The sigh was not about lunch but about the flat. She would have liked it. By Jove, Dora, you're nicely housed here. It's a neat little box, as Mr. O. would say.'

Dora gave a short laugh, not very merry in tone.

'Ah, that's one of the things we mustn't say,' she observed. 'I've been catching it from Claude. He says he's respectful to my family, but I'm not respectful to his.'

Jim paused with his cup in his hand.

'Been having a row?' he asked. 'Make it up at once. Say you were wrong.'

'But I wasn't,' said she.

'That doesn't matter. What does matter is that you should let the purse-holders have everything all their own way. Then everything slips along easily and comfortably.'

'Oh, money!' she said. 'Who cares about the money?'

Jim opened his eyes very wide.

'I do very much,' he said, 'and so did you up till a year ago.'

It is silly to say that money doesn't matter just because you have a lot. It's only the presence of a lot that enables you to say so.'

'Yes, that's true,' she said, 'and it adds to one's pleasure. But it doesn't add to one's happiness, not one jot. I'm just as capable of being unhappy now as ever I was. Not that I am unhappy in the least.'

Jim nodded sympathetically.

'You look rather worried,' he said. 'So you've been having a bit of a turn up with Claude. That's the worst of being married; if I have a shindy with anyone I walk away, and unless the other fellow follows, the shindy stops. But you can't walk away from your husband.'

Dora was silent a moment, considering whether she should talk to her brother about these things which troubled her or not. She had tried to find a solution for them by herself, but had been unable, and she had a great opinion of his practical shrewdness. It was not likely that he would suggest anything fine or altruistic, because he was not of that particular build, but he might be able to suggest something.

'Yes, we've been having a bit of a turn up, as you call it,' she said. 'That doesn't matter so much; but what bothers me rather is our totally different way of looking at things. I'm awfully fond of Dad, I am really, but it would be childish if I pretended that I don't see—well—humorous things about him. You see one has either to be amused by such things—I only learned that yesterday from Uncle Alf—or else take them tragically. At Venice I took them tragically. I thought it dreadful that he liked to see the sugar factory better than anything else. And if it isn't dreadful, it's got to be funny: it's either funny or vulgar. There's nothing else for it to be. And then Claude—oh, dear! I told him he was at liberty to laugh at you and mother as much as he chose, but he didn't appear to want to. I don't think he's got any sense of humour: there are heaps and heaps of ridiculous things about you both.'

'Good gracious! You never thought he had any sense of humour, did you?' asked Jim earnestly.

'I don't know. I don't think I thought about it at all. And that's not the worst.'

Jim put his head on one side, and Dora's estimate of his shrewdness was justified.

'Do you mean that you are beginning to mind about his being—er—not quite—?' he asked delicately.

Dora nodded.

'Yes, that's it,' she said.

'What a pity! I hoped you wouldn't mind. You appeared not to at first. One hoped you would get used to it before it got on your nerves. Can't you put it away, wrap it up and put it away?'

'Do you suppose I keep it in front of me for fun?' she asked.

'Oh, Jim, is it beastly of me to tell you? There's really no one else to tell. I couldn't tell mother, because she's—well, she's not very helpful about that sort of thing, and talks about true nobility being the really important thing, that and truth and honour and kindness. That is such parrot-talk, you know; it is just repeating what we have all heard a million of times. No doubt it is true, but what if one can't realise it? I used always to suppose Shakespeare was a great author, till I saw "Hamlet," which bored me. And I had to tell somebody. What am I to do?'

'Why, apply to Claude what you've been saying about Mr. Osborne,' said he. 'There are things about him which are dreadful unless you tell yourself they are funny. Well, tell yourself they are funny. I hope they are. Won't that help?'

'I don't know. Perhaps it might. But there are things that are funny at a little distance which cease to amuse when they come quite close. Uncle Alf made me think that the humorous solution would solve everything. But it doesn't really; it only solves the things that don't really matter.'

Dora dined quietly at home that night with Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and Claude, and after dinner had a talk to her mother-in-law while the other two lingered in the dining-room.

'Why, it was like seeing a fire through the window to welcome you when you got home of a cold evening,' said Mrs. Osborne cordially, 'to see your face at the head of the stairs, my dear. Mr. Osborne's been wondering all the way up whether you and Claude would be dining at home to-night. Bless you, if he's said it once he's said it fifty times.'

'I love being wanted,' said Dora quickly.

'Well, it's wanted that you are, by him and me and everyone else. And, my dear, I'm glad to think you'll be by my elbow at all my parties, to help me, and say who's who. And we lead off

to-morrow with a big dinner. There's thirty to table, and a reception after, just to let it be known as how the house is open again, and all and sundry will be welcome. Of course, you'll have your own engagements as well, my dear, and many of them, I'm sure, and no wonder, and there's nothing I wish less than to stand in the way of them, but whenever you've an evening to spare, you give a thought to me, and say to yourself, 'Well, if I'm wanted nowhere else, there's mother'll be looking out for me at the head of the stairs.'

Dora laughed.

'I accept your invitations to all your balls, and all your concerts, and as many as possible of your dinners,' she said. 'You'll get sick of the sight of my face before the season is over.'

'That I never shall, my dear,' said Mrs. Osborne, 'nor afterwards neither. And you'll come down to Grote, won't you, after July, and stay quiet there till the little blessed one comes, if you don't mind my alluding to it, my dear, as I'm going to be its grandmother, though it's a thing I never should do if there was anybody else but you and me present. Lord, and it seems only yesterday that I was expecting my own first-born, and Mr. O. in such a taking as you never see, and me so calm and all, just longing for my time to come, and thinking nothing at all of the pain, for such as there is don't count against seeing your baby. But you leave Claude to me, and I'll pull him through. Bless him, I warrant he'll need more cheering and comforting than you. And are you sure your rooms are comfortable here, dearie? I thought the suite at the back of the house would be more to your liking than the front, being quieter, for, to be sure, if you are so good as to come and keep us old folks company, the least we can do is to see that you have things to your taste and don't get woke by those roaring motor-buses or the stream of vegetables for the market.'

'But they are delightful,' said Dora. 'They've given me the dearest little sitting-room with bed-room and bath-room all together.'

Mrs. Osborne beamed contentedly. She had had a couple of days without any return of pain, and as she said, she had had a better relish for her dinner to-night than for many days.

'Well, then, let's hope we shall all be comfortable and happy,' she said. 'And I don't mind telling you now, my dear, that I've been out of sorts and not up to my victuals for a fortnight past, but to-day I feel hearty again, though I get tired easily still. But don't you breathe a word of that, promise me, to Mr. Osborne or

Claude, for what with the honour as is going to be done to Mr. O. and the thought of his grandchild getting closer, and him back to work again, which, after all, suits him best, I wouldn't take the edge off his enjoyment if you were to ask me on your bended knees, which I should do, if he thought I was out of sorts. Lord, there he comes now, arm-in-arm with Claude. I declare he's like a boy again, with the thought of all as is coming.'

The evening of the next day, accordingly, saw, with flare of light and blare of band, the beginning of the hospitalities of No. 92 Park Lane, the doors of which, so it appeared to Dora, were never afterwards shut day or night, except during the week-ends when the doors of Grote flew open and the scene of hospitality changed to that of the country. Yet cordial though it all was, it was insensate hospitality—hospitality gone mad. Had some hotel announced that anyone of any consequence could dine there without charge, and ask friends to dine on the same easy terms, such an offer would have diverted the crowds of carriages from Park Lane, and sent them to the hotel instead. Full as her programme originally was, Mrs. Osborne could not resist the pleasure of added hospitalities, and little dances, got up in impromptu fashion with much telephoning and leaving of cards, were wedged in between the big ones, and became big themselves before the night arrived. Scores of guests, utterly unknown to their hosts, crowded the rooms, and for them all, known and unknown alike, Mrs. Osborne had the same genial and genuine cordiality of welcome. It was sufficient for her that they had crossed her threshold and would drink Mr. O.'s champagne and eat her capons; she was glad to see them all. She had a shocking memory for faces, but that made no difference, since nothing could exceed the geniality of her greeting to those whom she had never set eyes on before. It was a good moment, too, when, not so long after the beginning of her hospitalities, her secretary, whose duty it was to enter the names of all callers in the immense volume dedicated to that purpose, reported that a second calling book was necessary, since the space allotted to the letters with which the majority of names began was full. She could not have imagined a year ago that this would ever happen, yet here at the beginning of her second season only, more space had to be found. And Dora's name for the second volume, 'Supplement to the Court Guide,' was most gratifying. Alf's allusion to the 'London Directory,' though equally true, would not have been so satisfactory.

But her brave and cheerful soul needed all its gallantry, for it

was an incessant struggle with her to conceal the weariness and discomfort which were always with her, and which she was so afraid she would, in spite of herself, betray to others. There were days of pain, too, not as yet very severe, but of a sort that frightened her, and her appetite failed her. This she could conceal, without difficulty for the most part, since the times were few on which her husband was not sitting at some distance from her, with many guests intervening; but once or twice when they were alone she was afraid he would notice her abstention, and question her. Her high colour also began to fade from her cheeks and lips, and she made one daring but tremulous experiment with rouge and lip-salve to hide this. She sent her maid out of the room before the attempt, and then applied the pigments, but with disastrous results. 'Lor, Mr. O. will think it's some woman of the music-halls instead of his wife,' she said to herself, and wiped off again the unusual brilliance.

But though sometimes her courage faltered, it never gave way. She had determined not to spoil these weeks for her husband. It was to be a blaze of triumph. Afterwards she would go to the doctor and learn that she had been frightening herself to no purpose, or that there was something wrong.

And those endless hospitalities, this stream of people who passed in and out of the house, though they tired her they also served to divert her and take her mind off her discomforts and alarms. She had to be in her place, though Dora took much of the burden of it off her shoulders, to shake hands with streams of people and say—which was perfectly true—how pleased she was to see them. Friends from Sheffield, for she never in her life dropped an old acquaintance, came to stay, and the pleasurable anticipation she had had of letting them see 'a bit of real London life' fell short of the reality. Best of all, Sir Thomas and Lady Ewart were in the house when the list of honours appeared in the paper.

It happened dramatically, and the drama of it was planned and contrived by Claude. He came down rather late to breakfast, having given orders that this morning no papers were to be put in their usual place in the dining-room, and went straight up to his father.

'Good-morning, my lord,' he said.

'Hey, what?' said Mr. Osborne. 'Poking your fun at me, are you?'

'There's something about you in the papers, my lord.'

'Well, I never! Let's see,' said Mr. Osborne.

He unfolded the paper Claude had brought him.

'My lady,' he said across the table to his wife, 'this'll interest you. List of honours. Peerages, Edward Osborne, Esquire, M.P.'

It was a triumphant success. Sir Thomas actually thought that it was news to them both, and went so far as to lay down his knife and fork.

'Bless my soul!' he said. 'Well, I'm sure there was never an honour more deservedly won, nor what will be more dignifiedly worn.'

Mr. Osborne could not keep it up.

'Well, well,' he said, 'of course we've known all along; but Claude would have his joke and pretend it was news to us. Thank ye, Sir Thomas, I'm sure. Maria, my dear, I'm told your new coronet's come home. Pass it to my lady, Claude.'

As if by a conjuring trick, he produced from under the tablecloth an all-round tiara of immense diamonds, which had been previously balanced on his knees.

Mrs. Osborne had had no idea of this; that part of the ceremony had been kept from her.

'Put it on, Maria, my dear,' he said, 'and if there's a peeress in the land as better deserves her coronet than you, I should be proud to meet her. Let the Honourable Claude settle it comfortable for you, my dear. Claude, my boy, I'm jealous of you because you're an honourable, which is more than your poor old dad ever was.'

The deft hands of the Honourable adjusted the tiara for her and she got up to salute the donor.

'If it isn't the measure of my head exactly!' she said. 'Well, I never, and me not knowing a word about it!'

Meantime, as June drew to its close, in this whirl of engagements and socialities, the estrangement between Dora and Claude grew, though not more acute in itself, more of a habit, and the very passage of time, instead of softening it, rendered it harder to soften. Had they been alone in their flat, it is probable that some intolerable moment would have come, breaking down that which stood between them, or in any case compelling them to talk it out; or, a thing which would have been better than nothing, bringing this cold alienation up to the hot level of a quarrel, which could have been made up, and which when made up might have carried away with it much of the cause of this growing constraint.

As it was, there was no quarrel, and thus there was nothing to make up. Claude, on his side, believed that his wife still rather resented certain remarks he had made to her at Venice and here on the subject of her attitude towards his father, contrasting it unfavourably with the appreciation and kindness which his family had shown hers. In his rather hard, thoroughly well-meaning and perfectly just manner he examined and re-examined any cause of complaint which she could conceive herself to have on the subject, and entirely acquitted himself of blame. He did not see that he could have done differently: he had not been unkind, only firm, and his firmness was based upon his sense of right.

But in this examination he, of course, utterly failed to recognise the real ground of the estrangement, which was, as Dora knew, not any one particular speech or action of his, but rather the spirit and the nature which lay behind every speech, every action. This she was incapable of telling him, and even if she had been able to do so, no good end would have been served by it. She had married him, not knowing him, or at the least blinded by superficialities, and now, getting below those, or getting used to them, she found that there were things to which she could not get used, but which, on the contrary, seemed to her to be getting every day more glaringly disagreeable to her. He, not knowing this, did his best to remove what he believed had been the cause of their estrangement by praise and commendation of what he called to himself her altered behaviour. For there was no doubt whatever that now, at any rate, Dora was behaving delightfully to his parents. She took much of the work of entertaining off Mrs. Osborne's hands; made but few engagements of her own, in order to be more actively useful in the house; and was in every sense the most loyal and dutiful of daughters-in-law. She also very gently and tactfully got leave to revise Mrs. Osborne's visiting list, and drew a somewhat ruthless lead pencil through a considerable number of the names. For in the early days to leave a card meant, as a matter of course, to be asked to the house. This luxuriant and exotic garden wanted a little weeding.

All this seemed to Claude to be the happy fruits of his criticism, and the consciousness of it in his mind did not improve the flavour of his speeches to Dora. They were but little alone, owing to the high pressure of their days; but one evening, about a fortnight after they had moved into Park Lane, he found her resting in her sitting-room before dressing.

'There you are, dear,' he said. 'How right of you to rest a little.' What have you been doing?'

'There were people to lunch,' said she; 'and then I drove down with Dad to the House. He was not there long, so I waited for him, and we had a turn in the Park. Then a whole host of people came to tea, and I—I multiplied myself.'

'They are ever so pleased with you,' said Claude, 'and I'm sure I don't wonder. Ever since they came up you have simply devoted yourself to them.'

In his mind was the thought, 'Ever since I spoke to you about it.' It was not verbally expressed, but the whole speech rang with it. Dora tried for a moment, following Uncle Alf's plan, to find something humorous about it, failed dismally, and tried instead to disregard it.

'I'm glad,' she said, 'that one is of use.'

Then she made a further effort.

'I think it was an excellent plan that we should come here,' she added. 'It suits us, doesn't it? and it suits them.'

Claude smiled at her, leaning over the head of the sofa where she lay.

'I knew you would find it a success,' he said. 'I felt quite certain it would be.'

Again Dora tried to shut her ears to the personal note—this ring of 'How right I was!'

'It suits Jim, too,' she said. 'It really was kind of you to let him have the flat. May tells me she went to dine there last night. He had a bridge party.'

Claude laughed.

'He's certainly making the most of it,' he said, 'just as I meant him to do. I think I'm like Dad in that. Do you remember how he treated us over the Venice house this year? Not a penny for us to pay. Jim's giving lots of little parties, I'm told, and Parker came round to me yesterday to ask if he should order some more wine, as Jim's nearly finished it. Also cigars and cigarettes. Of course I told him to order whatever was wanted. I hate doing things by halves. The household books will be something to smile at. But he's having a rare good time. It's not much entertaining he has been able to do all his life up till now.'

Dora sat up.

'But, Claude, do you mean he's drinking your wine and letting you pay for all the food?' she asked.

'Yes. It's my own fault. I ought to have locked up the cellar, and made it clear that he would pay for his own chickens. As a matter of fact, it never struck me that he wouldn't. But as that hasn't occurred to him, I can't remind him of it.'

'But you must tell him he's got to pay for things,' said Dora. 'Why, he might as well order clothes and, just because he was in your flat, expect you to pay for them!'

'Oh, I can't tell him,' said Claude. 'It would look as if I grudged him things. I don't a bit: I like people to have a good time at my expense. Poor devil! he had a rotten Derby week; no wonder he likes living on the cheap. And it must be beastly uncomfortable living on the cheap, if it's your own cheap, so to speak. I expect you and I would be just the same if we were poor.'

But the idea was insupportable to Dora, and the more so because of the way in which Claude took it. Generous he was, no one could be more generous, but there was behind it all a sort of patronising attitude. He gave cordially indeed, but with the cordiality was a self-conscious pleasure in his own open-handedness and a contempt scarcely veiled of what he gave. And the worst of all was that Jim should have taken advantage of this *insouciance* about money affairs that sprang from the fact that he had no need to worry about money. Claude did not like Jim, Dora felt certain of that, and this made it impossible that Jim should take advantage of his bounty. It was an indebtedness she could not tolerate in her brother.

'What's there to fuss about?' Claude went on. 'If the whole thing runs into a hundred and fifty pounds, it won't hurt. And, after all, he's your brother, dear. I like being good to your kin.'

Dora was not doing Claude an injustice when she told herself that his irreproachable conduct to her family was in his mind. It was there; he did not mean it to be in evidence, but insensibly and unintentionally it tinged his words. The whole thing was kind, kind, kind, but it was consciously kind. That made the whole difference.

'But it can't be,' she said. 'If you won't speak to Jim about it, I will. It is impossible that he should drink your wine and smoke your cigars and have dinner-parties at your expense. I can't let him do that sort of thing, if I can possibly help it. I would much sooner pay myself than that you should pay for him.'

'My dear, what a fuss about nothing!' said Claude. 'It isn't as if it mattered to me whether I pay for his soup and cutlet——'

'No, that's just it,' said Dora quickly. 'That's why you mustn't. If it cost you something—— Oh, Claude, I don't think I can make you understand,' she said. 'Anyhow, I shall tell Jim what I think; and if the poor wretch hasn't got any money, then I must pay.'

'Oh, I don't suppose he's got any money,' said Claude; 'and as for your paying, my dear, what difference does that make? I give you your allowance—and I wish you'd say you wanted more, for Uncle Alf's always wondering whether you've got enough—and you want to pay me out of that. Well, it's only out of one pocket and into another. Don't fuss about it, dear. I wish I hadn't told you.'

'But it isn't quite like that,' said Dora. 'I could deny myself something in order to pay, if Jim can't. I can tell them not to send me the dress——'

And then the hopelessness of it all struck her. She was in the same boat as her husband; she could not deny herself anything she wanted, because there was no need for self-denial. And without that she could not make atonement for Jim's behaviour. Nor could she say to herself that he had done it without thinking; Jim always thought when there was a question of money, for that he took seriously. It was only his own conduct, his own character, and other little trifles of that sort for which he had so light a touch, so easy a rein. He had been giving little dinners at his flat, instead of dining out, as he usually did. He would never have done that if he thought he was going to pay for the quails and the peaches. That he should do it was the thing that was irremediable—that, and the contemptuous kindness of Claude.

Claude saw there was some feeling in her mind of which he did not grasp the force. She wanted to pay herself, or to think she paid, for Jim's hospitalities. It did not make a pennyworth of difference. He would pay a cheque into her account, which would make her square again, and she would never notice it.

'Just as you like, dear,' he said; 'but you mustn't tell Jim you are doing it. He would think that I was reluctant to pay for his food and drinks; and I'm not. I can't stand being thought mean. There's no excuse for a fellow with plenty of shekels being mean.'

'Oh, you are not that,' said Dora quickly, her voice without volition following the train of thought in her mind.

'No, dear, I hope not,' said he. 'And, believe me, I haven't got two ill feelings to rub against each other with regard to Jim. It's only by chance I knew. If there'd been another box of cigars in the flat, and a few more dozen champagne, Parker would never have come to me. And as for the household books—why, dear, they'd have been sent up to you, and I bet you'd never have seen. No, it's just a chance as has put us in the knowledge of it all, and I for one should hate to take advantage of it. So cheer up, dear! Pay me, if it makes you feel easier; but don't say a word to Jim. I like doing a thing thoroughly, as I'm doing this.'

He lingered a moment by the door.

'Perhaps that clears things up a bit, Dora,' he said, with a touch of wistfulness in his voice.

And Dora tried, tried to think it did. She tried also to put all possible simplicity into her voice as she answered:

'But what is there to clear up, dear?' she asked.

'That's all right, then,' said he, and left her. But once outside the door, he shook his head. Bottled simplicity, so to speak, is not the same as simplicity from the spring. He was quite shrewd enough to know the difference.

He was shrewd enough also to know that he did not quite understand what had gone wrong. Something certainly had, and after his compliments to her on the subject of the admirable way in which she was behaving to his parents he knew that it was no longer his strictures on that subject that made this barrier. True it was that during these past weeks neither of them had had much leisure or opportunity for intimate conversation; but there were glances, single words, silences even that had passed between them when they were in Venice first that had taken no time if measured by the scale of minutes or seconds, yet which had been enough to fill the whole day with inward sunshine. And he had not changed to her: that he knew quite well; it was not that he was less sensitive now, less receptive of signals of that kind. For his part, he gave them in plenty. Just now he had leaned over her, smiling, when she lay on her sofa, a thing that in early days would have been sufficient to make her glance at him, with perhaps a raised hand that just touched his face, with perhaps an 'Oh, Claude!' below her breath. Honestly, as far as any man can be honest with himself, he was as hungry for that as ever; he made his private

code just as before, and now no answer came. Something was out of tune : the vibrations, wireless, psychical, did not pass from her to him as they had done ; and his own messages, so it seemed, throbbed themselves out, and found none to pick them up, but were lost in the unanswering air.

Claude was of a very simple and straightforward nature, but he felt none the less keenly because he was not capable of feeling in any subtle or complicated manner. Love had come into his life, and his part in that burned within him still, in no way less ardently. He believed that Dora had loved him also : believed it, that is to say, in a sacred sense : it had been a creed to him, just as his own love for her was a creed. With body and soul he loved her, not fantastically, but deeply, and as he left her this afternoon it seemed to him that his love was being poured into a vessel in which was bitterness. They had talked only about what to him was a trivial thing—namely, the completeness with which Jim had made himself at home in the flat ; but in the earlier days it made no difference what they talked about : tenderness, love came through it all, like water through a quicksand, engulfing them. Their days had been passed in such a quicksand ; they were always joyfully foundering in it. But now it was not so. Some bitter incrustation had come on it which bore their weight quite easily, and there was no risk of going through, nor any chance of it. Honestly, he did not believe that he was responsible for the formation of that crust. He had not changed : was not other than he had always been. Once for a moment his mind poised and hovered above the truth, and he half said to himself, ‘ I wonder if she finds me common ? ’ But he rejected that : it was the wildest freak of imagination. Besides, she had not found him common at first, and he had not grown commoner. On the contrary, she had taught him much—little things, no doubt, but many of them. He had noticed she was always polite to servants and shop-people, and though a year ago his tendency had been to be rather short with them, as inferiors, he had instinctively followed her example. That was only one instance out of many. But, so the poor fellow told himself, they were all little things like that, which could make no real difference to anybody.

Yet he thought over this a little longer. He himself, for instance, had always known that his father and mother and Per were, so to speak, ‘ common ’ beside him. That seemed perfectly natural, for he had been sent to Eton and Oxford, and had picked

up all sorts of things as to the way 'gentlemen behaved,' which they did not know. He would not press his guests to have more wine, as his father did, when they had refused, nor tempt them to a second helping, as his mother did. There were little tricks of language, too, infinitesimal affairs, but he, so he thought, had got into the way of it, whereas they had not. He, for instance, never said 'Lor,' as his father constantly did, and his mother, if she 'was not on the watch.' But he said 'Good Lord,' because fellows said that, and not the other. But what did that really matter? There was a certain boisterousness of manner also that characterised them, which he and Mrs. Per, for instance, who was certainly a perfect lady, did not practise. Often, half in jest, his father had said, 'Old Claude's getting too much of a swell for me'; and though he deprecated such a conclusion, he understood what was meant, and knew that if half was jest, half was serious. But all this made it the more impossible that Dora should find him common. Eton and Oxford, he felt quite sure, had taken all the commonness out of him.

And how little it mattered! He saw a hundred things, day by day, in which, if he had been disposed to peer and dissect and magnify, he would have felt that there was a difference between his father and himself. But how measure so small a thing? He saw the kindness, the honour, the truth of his parents, and he was as likely to cease respecting and caring for them because of that difference as he was likely to cease to love Dora because once he had found a grey hair in her golden head. Besides—and his mind came back to that—if she found him common now, she must always have found him common. But nothing was short of perfection in their early weeks in Venice.

Once, on his way downstairs to be ready to greet Per and his wife, who were expected that evening, he half turned on his foot, intending to go back to Dora and try to get to the bottom of it all. But he knew that he would find nothing to say, for there was nothing he could suggest in which he had fallen short. And even as he paused, wondering if it would be enough that he should go back and say 'Dora, what is it?' he heard the sound of the hall door opening. That was Per, no doubt; he must go down and welcome him.

(To be continued.)

